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A LOVE STORY OF TWO CONTINENTS

By Mrs. Henry Mansergh

THERE are some people who require a course of education before an idea penetrates to their brain; there are others who grasp eagerly a discovery while it is yet in the air, and instantly realize the service it may render them.

Mark Robson belonged to the latter class. He was a private detective, moderately successful in business, yet cherishing a grudge against fate, inasmuch as he found himself at a constant disadvantage as compared with his brothers of the magazines. Lords and ladies consulted him in his office, but showed no disposition to take him to their social bosoms; there was no intelligent young gentleman ready to share his midnight journeys and play the part of assistant, free of charge; while, so far from being pressed to relate his experiences, his friends yawned and showed unmistakable signs of boredom when he, at any time, even threatened a recital.

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But, as has been said, Mark Robson was a sharp fellow, and his day was coming. He studied the newspapers assiduously, digesting the news of the nations with an undercurrent of questioning to make events serve his own ends. And suddenly he had a brilliant inspiration. The cinematograph, that wonderful instrument that takes a series of photographs and throws them moving lifelike on the screen, was the novelty of the hour; every one rushed to see it, Mark Robson with the rest, and it was while watching the entrance of the Czar and Czarina into Paris that he suddenly clapped his hands together, to the amazement of the beholders, took up his hat and rushed hurriedly from the building.

Two days later a large-typed announcement was added to Mark Robson's advertisements in the London dailies—

"Cinematograph slides of private individuals taken without their knowledge and forwarded, secretly, to any quarter of the globe."

. . . . . .

After fifteen years of hard labor beneath the Indian sun, John Webb found himself in a position to fulfil his engagement to Daisy May. Fifteen years before he had said "good-by" to Daisy in the drawing-room of the old house at Liverpool, and again in the cab—because she ran down to the gate at the last moment and refused to be left behind—and again on the landing-stage, and again—oh, the knell-like sound of that bell!—when the very last moment had come and the tender was about to return to the shore. He had leaned over the side of the vessel gazing at Daisy as the tender bobbed up and down, and Daisy had held out her arms to him with a gesture of longing so childlike and winsome that he had groaned aloud as he hid his head in his hands. She, poor thing, had quickly rushed home and up to her attic room, thrown her hat and cloak on the trunk, and sat down to write him a letter, so that he should hear from her almost as soon as he reached India. Fifteen years ago!

And he had written to Daisy once a week ever since: "My own darling!" "Darling Daisy!" "Dearest Daisy!" "My dear girl!" . . . Ah me! If we could only eat our cake while the appetite is keen.

John had just written home asking Daisy to come out to be married in the autumn, and, though this was the object for which he had been working for so many years, it is certain that his difficulty in composing the letter was caused less by excess of rapture than by the problem of making the request sufficiently warm to please Daisy, and at the same time honest enough to satisfy his own conscience. After the letter was finished he took up the latest photograph which he had received from his *fiancée* and studied it with critical eyes. Daisy had been a pretty girl, and the face which looked at him now seemed almost as young as the one which he had kissed in farewell—that last day that he was with her—and which he had so fondly remembered.

"SHE SAT DOWN TO WRITE HIM A LETTER"

"But it's all nonsense!" grumbled John to himself. "I know these 'present-day' photographs. She will be forty in a couple of years, and it stands to reason that she can't look like this. Why does she always send vignettes? Can it be that she is growing—fat? She was always a trifle inclined that way; and if there is one thing more than another that I do bar—fat, fair and forty! Oh, my, my, my!"

He threw the photograph on the table, and picked up the newspaper with an expression anything but appropriate for a bridegroom-elect, and the first thing on which his eye lighted was the strange advertisement of Mark Robson.

When the "boy" came in an hour later to collect the sahib's mail he carried away two letters addressed to London; one bore the name of Miss Daisy May and the other that of Mr. Mark Robson, the detective. To such depths of iniquity will men descend when temptation is pressing and the chance of discovery remote!

Some months later a carefully packed box was delivered at Mr. Webb's residence in Calcutta, and a local photographer was summoned, who busied himself in preparing a magic-lantern exhibition of such enthralling interest to the master of the house that he denied himself to all visitors, and was nearly crazed with excitement before the critical moment arrived.

Whir-r-r! A curious rattling noise came to his ear, and there upon the sheet was the picture of the old-fashioned English room where he had wooed his love. The chintz-covered chairs and the maidenhair ferns under the glass domes were there complete; not a detail was changed, from the beadwork bannerette pendent from the mantelpiece, to the case of stuffed birds on the chiffonier. How was it possible for furniture to stand so still while the world moved so fast?

Webb felt that he had lived through a dozen incarnations since he had looked his last upon this old-world scene. And Daisy—poor little loyal Daisy—with her petals already beginning to wither and lose their dainty flush! In what a narrow garden she had passed her youth! It was a touching thought, and John's heart swelled with a throb of the old devotion to the love of his youth. What if she had lost some of the early bloom? Could such a trifle as that weigh against the faithful devotion of a lifetime? The lines of Moore's sweet old ballad came into his head, and he hummed them:

"Thou would'st still be mine own, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruins each wish of my heart . . ."

The whirring sound continued, and curious spots and blemishes appeared upon the sheet. It was by no means a perfect exhibition, but accurate enough for the purpose for which it was required. And presently the door opened and a stout lady came into the room. She wore a dark dress, which fitted closely to her exuberant figure, and her hair was coiled tightly round her head. There was no nonsense about this good lady, no dallying in dressing-gowns, no waste of time with curling-tongs or crimping-irons; from the bunch of keys which hung at her side to the pile of account-books under her arm, everything breathed of rigid method, order and absolute decorum.

The stout lady drew a chair to the table and dipped her pen in the ink. It was evident that she was about to look over her weekly accounts; but it was not until she bent forward to take a book from a shelf on the wall, and in so doing turned her face more fully toward him, that John Webb realized that this was Daisy—this stout, middle-aged woman, the little Daisy with the withered petals and the drooping head, about whom he had been sentimental a moment before!

From out the magic sheet she stared at him, sentient, breathing, the keen eyes fixed, the lips pressed together in frugal calculation. At the sight of the figures at the bottom of the page a frown contracted her forehead and her fingers rapped the table; anon she smiled, and a network of wrinkles was very plainly shown round her eyes.

The photograph had lied—basely lied! She looked older than her age, and old with a cut-and-dried severity which struck ice into Webb's soul. Fifteen years of bachelor life in India, no woman in the house to consider, what in the world would—er—Daisy! (Why could not people christen their children by sensible names?) have to say to his free and easy ways which he liked so much?

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John Webb lay back in his chair and stared at his *fiancée*, and his *fiancée* went on with her work in methodical unconsciousness. The little books were checked off one by one; she drew the ledger toward her and began fumbling about in her pockets, and clapping her hands over various parts of her dress as if in search of some article which refused to be found. Something in her gestures brought to Webb's mind a vivid memory of his old mother, and his heart beat with a sickening fear. Could it be that Daisy——? Already? Alas! it was but too true. The good lady produced a leather case, from some hidden receptacle, and fitted a pair of spectacles over her ears. Daisy—in spectacles! If she had looked her age before she looked fifty now—sixty—a hundred—any age you like to mention, and formidable enough into the bargain to frighten the life out of a poor, defenseless bachelor.

The writing was finished. Miss May put away the ledger and rose to cross the room. Her figure advanced toward him, nearer and nearer, larger and larger, with such startling, convincing reality that he seemed to hear the tread of her feet, the rustling of her garments. The spectacles were still on her nose; the skirts stood out well round the stout figure. She tried to take a short cut between the chiffonier and the table, and failed because—Oh, Daisy, Daisy!

Webb burst into a roar of hysterical laughter. "The dear ruins!" he cried aloud. "My dear ruins!" and clapped his hands together like a maniac.

"That's all, sir," said the photographer, coming forward into the room. "The impressions don't go any further."

. . . . . .

Now Mark Robson, as has been said, was a shrewd man of business, and when he received a commission from India to secure a cinematographic photograph of Miss Daisy May, he reasoned with himself that if Mr. Webb were interested in Miss May, Miss May would naturally be interested in Mr. Webb, and that it was absurd to be satisfied with one client when it was possible to secure

two. He therefore selected one of his most specious circulars, in which special reference was made to agencies in India and the Colonies, posted it to the lady's address in an envelope marked "private," and awaited the course of events. Miss May read the circular, re-read the circular, and carried it away to show to her bosom friend.

"It doesn't seem altogether fair," she said. "I don't like the idea of spying upon him unaware; but still——"

"But still, my dear, when the happiness of a whole life is concerned," said the bosom friend solemnly. "I am told men degenerate terribly in India."

"He asks me to come out in October," faltered the *fiancée*. "He has always been most kind and thoughtful, and I have no reason to believe——"

"You see this Mr. Robson says that his agents arrange with the servants, by means of a small—er—gratuity, to introduce the camera into the room, so that Mr. Webb would be none the wiser. Marriage is a serious step."

"It is, Maria; it is. And I am such a wretched sailor—I am afraid the fee would be very high!"

"It would be cheaper than a trousseau and the fare out—and back again, if he ill-used you. It seems to me like a leading of Providence."

"Poor dear Jack!" sighed Miss May, pensively, for ladies may still cherish sentimental memories though they be stout and middle-aged. Daisy had a tender place in her heart for the love of her youth, but fifteen years—that dreadful voyage—and at the other end the heat, the discomfort, the—serpents—worst of all the strange man, who might turn out to be so painfully different to the Jack of her dreams.

"I'll do it!" she cried desperately, and Mr. Robson reaped a handsome profit by her decision; the black "boy" in Calcutta also, though his sahib was far from suspecting his business one evening, five or six weeks later on, when he roared at him to cease fidgeting about the room and to take himself off to his own quarters, and stop bothering him.

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The days of John Webb's bachelorhood were drawing to a close, and he set ever-increasing store upon those long lazy evenings, when he could loll at ease, undisturbed by feminine prejudice. It was not precisely the moment he would have chosen, however, in which to make his appearance before two maiden ladies at home, who had spent their lives in a narrow and rigid environment.

Miss May started violently as she beheld the counterfeit presentment of her lover, and the surprise did not appear to be pleasurable.

"He is—a great deal changed! He used to be such a—pretty boy!" she faltered. . . . "I never thought he would grow so plain. . . . He is getting bald. He used to have such lovely hair, Maria—all little, tight, curling rings, like a woolly lamb." Then her eyes wandered round the room. "I don't see the chair-back I sent him, or the sofa blanket. . . . Is that my portrait on the table? Your eyes are better than mine."

"She has on a white dress. I don't think you were ever taken in white, dear," said the bosom friend sweetly. "Had he always that very—er—cadaverous appearance?"

"It's the liver, I suppose. They suffer from it in India," said the *fiancée* sadly. . . . "I wish he wouldn't crumple up those cushions. It's a shame to treat them like that—such handsome embroidery. . . . Dear me, he is terribly thin. Do you think he can be quite strong? A delicate man is a great responsibility. . . . I tell you solemnly, Maria, that if he had walked on board the boat to meet me I should never have known him. . . . Here's the native servant coming to see what is wanted. . . . Poor benighted heathen! I hope Jack is kind to him, and remembers that, if he is black, we are all brothers. . . . Oh, Maria! Oh, Heavens! How could he do it? . . . To throw the book at the poor creature's head in that savage manner! . . . It's sinful. If I had not seen it with my own eyes I would never have believed it. . . . A bottle! Why, he has just finished what was in the glass! I thought it was lemonade. No wonder his liver is out of order. And then that cigar. Oh, dear me!"

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"They will never get the smell of smoke out of those curtains," said the bosom friend. "I know what it is. You will find it a little difficult to get him into your ways, dear, but you must be firm. Those violent-tempered men always give in in the end, if you worry them long enough. . . . Now he is falling asleep. . . . Very dangerous lying there, with his head hanging over the chair. . . . I shouldn't wonder if he had apoplexy some night and died off suddenly. . . . There! I knew he would waken himself if he nodded like that. . . . Here's the black man again. . . . He keeps calling for him all the time. . . . You will never be able to keep your servants. . . . What is it he wants? Another drink! . . . My poor, dear Daisy!"

"It's the second he has had in the last half hour!" cried Miss May wildly, and burying her face in her hands she burst into a passion of tears, and, sobbing hysterically, kept repeating, "Oh, Jack!—how could you?"

Miss May wrote to Calcutta to state that, upon mature reflection, she had come to the conclusion that it would be wiser to bring the engagement to an end—lapse of time, change of disposition, etc.—and John Webb sent back a straightforward, manly letter, commending her candor and agreeing with the wisdom of her decision.

For the time being both are inclined to bless Mr. Robson and the cinematograph for being the means of their deliverance, but as the years pass by one is inclined to doubt whether they will remain of the same opinion. The loss of the weekly letters will make a blank in Webb's life, and there may come an hour when the joys of a solitary life pall upon him, and he thinks longingly of Daisy—poor Daisy, who was faithful to him for fifteen long years!

And Daisy, too, may weary of her account-books, and her dusting, and mending, and polishing up, for, ah, dear me, however well garnished the house, it is bare indeed if love be not in it, and companionship and sympathetic smiles. She is bound to think of Jack, and to torment herself by useless questionings, for she is a woman, and he was the lover of her youth. Was she right in playing the coward at the last moment? "For better, for worse." He was all alone, poor fellow, and she might have helped him.

But Mark Robson, the detective, grows fat and flourishes. Thus it is ever—while a trickster prospers, his victims always suffer.

The Guest of Lady Staplehurst

A BURGLAR'S EXPERIENCE AT A BALL

By W. Pett Ridge

MR. HENRY APPS, of Hoxton, completed the fixing of the wires on the lawn of Hesleigh Court. He looked up at the dim light in the dressing-room, and chuckled softly as he bent the last yard of wire.

"A trip in time," said Mr. Apps to himself, "gives nine."

He threw the rope-ladder gently in the air, and at the first effort it caught the projecting nail. Mr. App's dog gave a sniff of satisfaction, and got kicked for his display of emotion.

"'Once on board the lugger,'" quoted Mr. Apps, facetiously, as he mounted the rope-ladder, "'and the gurl is mine.'"

He opened the window very gently and let himself in the dressing-room.

Near the table in the corner of the room was an iron safe.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Mr. Apps. He loosened the flaps of his fur cap and mopped his brow with the back of his hand. "Well, I'm jiggered! If they 'aven't been and left the key in for me! I might have sived myself a lot of trouble if I'd a-knowed that."

Mr. Apps swung open the heavy door of the safe and listened to the music downstairs. Young Lady Staplehurst was giving (as Mr. Apps very well knew) a dance, a fancy-dress dance, on her return from the Continent after her term of widowhood. This, to the great delight of young people in Surrey.

"I'll jest see, first of all," he said, "that the coast is abs'lootly clear, and then—then for a bagful!"

Mr. Henry Apps stepped out into the broad passage. He slouched, with his jimmy sticking out of his capacious side pocket, a few steps toward the stairs. Suddenly a girlish figure turned the corner.

"Goramity!" cried Mr. Apps.

"Why, how do you do?" said the young lady stepping forward. She gave a soft laugh that was very pleasant. "This is really delightful. Do you know I recognized you almost at once, in spite of the costume."

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She held the hand of Mr. Apps for a moment, causing that gentleman to gasp for breath, and called one of the maids.

"Just bring me a pencil and a card," she said. "I must arrange for a carriage to take Captain Norman back to his hotel in the morning. I wasn't sure that he would come."

"I can walk," remarked Mr. Apps, with restored self-possession.

"I won't hear of it. When shall we say, now?"

"Say in a hour's time," said Mr. Apps. "I can go upstairs again alone and choynge, and do all I want to do."

"And you can't stay longer?"

She gave the card to the maid and ordered it to be dispatched at once.

"I've got a busy night before me," urged Mr. Apps excusingly. He thought of his dog waiting on the lawn, and feared it might give an inopportune bark. Besides, the safe was still open and the diamonds were waiting for him. He had noticed with satisfaction that Lady Staplehurst was wearing none.

"You were always an active man, Captain Norman."

"Always a-doin' something," agreed Mr. Apps. "If it isn't one thing it's another." He shook his head reflectively. "I often wonder I don't write a book about it all."

"I don't believe you will know anybody here, Captain Norman," she said, as they walked downstairs; "but I couldn't help sending you a card seeing how friendly we were on the Peshawur. Do you remember those evenings on deck in the Red Sea?"

She was really a very fine young woman, and in her costume she looked extremely well.

"Do I not?" said Mr. Apps with much fervor. "Shall I ever forget 'em?"

"And then the journey from Brindisi, you know, and that funny little German—you remember the German? He wore such a queer apron, and such great, clumsy shoes!"

"He was a knock-out, that German was."

"And the girl who played the banjo and the——"

"It was great," agreed Mr. Apps hurriedly—"great."

The large ballroom was very full. A small covey of brightly dressed young people flew towards the young hostess to complain of her temporary absence from the room, and a broad-shouldered Gondolier shook hands with her and took her card with something of an air of proprietorship.

"I thought I had left the key in the—— excuse me." The young hostess took back her card from the Gondolier. "I am engaged to Captain Norman. You don't know him? Allow me."

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Henry Apps. "'Ow's the world using you?"

"That's an original costume of yours, Captain Norman," remarked the Gondolier. "I don't know that I've ever seen anything so daringly real before."

"Well, wot of it?" demanded Mr. Apps with sudden aggressiveness—"wot's the odds to you wot I like to wear? Can't a a feller wear wot he likes? You needn't think you're everybody jest becos——"

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"Captain Norman," interposed the young hostess laughingly, "you mustn't overdo the part. Look here, I've put your name down for this waltz, but if you like we'll sit it out—that is, if you promise to keep up that diverting East-end talk. I like it. Do you think you can manage to do so?"

"Ra-ther!" said Mr. Apps.

"And it is a capital make-up, Captain Norman," she went on. "Do you know that at first, just for one moment, I thought you were a real burglar."

"Fancy that now!" said Mr. Apps. He was relieved at seeing an obvious way out of his difficulty. "There's nothing like doing the thing in a proper, strite'orward wy."

"And," said Lady Staplehurst with her fan on his arm as they walked across the room, "you have got the East-end accent capitally."

"Tain't so dusty, is it?"

She beckoned to the Gondolier, who had turned away.

"Captain Norman and I are great friends," she said in an explanatory way. "He has not been long home from abroad, and he knows scarcely any one."

"Not a blessed soul," echoed Mr. Apps.

"You must let me show you round a bit, Captain Norman," said the Gondolier with determined geniality. "Can you come round to my club one night this week?"

"Whaffor?" demanded Mr. Apps suspiciously.

"Why, to dine! Say Thursday."

"Heaven knows where I shall be on Fursday," said Mr. Apps. "I don't."

"You must consider me at your disposal if you require any introductions. I know a good lot of people, and any friend of Lady Staplehurst's——"

"Oh, come off the roof," said Mr. Apps, with much discontent; "wot's the use of torking?"

"Isn't it capital?" asked Lady Staplehurst of the Gondolier delightedly. "How much more interesting it would be if every one would only talk to me in their character."

"I'll go and change to Romeo," remarked the Gondolier thoughtfully.

Lady Staplehurst rose with something of hurry in her manner and spoke to Henry the Eighth.

"What regiment do you belong to, Captain Norman?" asked the Gondolier.

"Find out," said Mr. Apps.

"Am I too curious? I know very little of the army, I'm afraid." The Gondolier was resolved to be agreeable to Lady Staplehurst's friend. "I always dodge the army nights in the House. I suppose you know several of the service members?"

"I know as many as I want to know," said Mr. Apps evasively. "A man in my position of life has to be a bit careful who he mixes up with."

The hostess returned from her salutations to Henry the Eighth and Mary Stuart.

"I can make nothing of this man," whispered the Gondolier to her as he rose.

"Oh, I can."

"I think he's silly."

"If you knew his qualities you wouldn't speak of him like that." She resumed her seat by the side of Mr. Henry Apps.

"Well, blow me," said Lady Staplehurst, screwing her pretty mouth in her effort to imitate the Cockney accent, "blow me, if this ain't a fair take—I mean, tike dahn." She laughed. "It's of no use, Captain Norman. I can't talk it as you can."

"It's a gift," said Mr. Apps modestly; "that's wot it is."

"You don't want to be introduced to anybody here, I suppose?"

"Not me."

"You have heard of——"

She pointed her fan in the direction of the Gondolier.

"All I want to."

"He's really making a big name in the House, you know. I watch his career with great interest."

"Thinks a jolly lot of hisself."

"Oh, I think a lot of him, too," remarked Lady Staplehurst pleasantly. "And is that a jimmy sticking out of your jacket pocket? This is indeed realism. You don't know how it works, I suppose?"

"Well, I've got a kind of a idea," said Mr. Apps. "Look 'ere. It's like this. You put this end in and——"

Mr. Apps found himself getting quite excited in the explanations that he gave. It was a new sensation to meet one who showed an intelligent interest in his profession, and he could not help feeling flattered. Looking up, he saw the Gondolier gazing at him with suspicion.

"He don't look 'appy, that chap," said Mr. Apps.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?"

"Wot are you going up to, miss?" he asked apprehensively.

"I want to speak to him."

"Oh! I don't mind your doing that."

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While Lady Staplehurst was making the Gondolier resume his ordinary expression, Mr. Apps thought and thought. The couples promenading after the waltz looked curiously at him, and he did not altogether like it.

"It's the rummiest show you was ever in, 'Enery," said Mr. Apps; "you're a-'aving 'em on toast, you are; but you'll be glad to get upstairs agen. You want them dimonds, that's wot you want. Time means money to you, 'Enery; and, besides, you're out of your element 'ere."

Lady Staplehurst hurried toward the doorway. A murmur of amusement went through the room as the guests saw a new arrival in the costume of a police-inspector, accompanied by a man in plain clothes. Mr. Apps, thinking over his exploit and gazing abstractedly at his boots and regretting their want of polish, did not see them until the plain-clothes man said, "What, is it Apps again?"

"Yus," said the burglar discontentedly; "yus, it is Apps agine, Mr. Walker. And vurry glad you are to see him, I've no daht."

"Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman like you," said Mr. Walker cheerfully, as he conducted him to the doorway. "I've wanted to see you before. There are several little things I want to talk to you about."

Much commotion in the ballroom at the diverting little scene. General agreement that Lady Staplehurst was a perfect genius at entertaining.

"But, loveliest girl," said the Gondolier confidentially to Lady Staplehurst, "isn't this carrying a joke rather too far? That's a real detective."

"I know," said Loveliest Girl, trembling now a little. "That's a real burglar, too."

"A real——"

"Yes, yes. Don't make a fuss. I don't want the dance spoiled. Take me down to supper, like a good fellow. Come!"

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Irving's Appreciation of Trifles.—During the Merchant, Sir Henry would coach me up in my part in The Bells, which we played on Saturday nights to give Miss Terry a rest. The anomaly of Shylock conversing with a servant of Portia did not matter, as the act drop was down. If genius be the faculty of taking pains, Irving must be a genius, for if it were the last performance of a play, and he saw something that would improve it, he would adopt it.

Months after we had been playing the Merchant, he called me and said: "It would be better, Ganthony, if your spurs jingled a little more as you entered and crossed the stage." I accordingly had two metal disks put in each, the sound from which should have satisfied all the requirements of dramatic art. The company was very prone to say, "Look at the men the guv'nor has to work for him," forgetting that men must be selected like anything else, and what they do must be criticised by a superior intelligence, or a superlative presentment of stage plays is impossible.

When a poacher's hut was set for the first time, with all the windows beautifully painted, Irving rammed a piece of straw into one of them and said, "That's better." The broken window gave character, as did the ornate furniture in the following "set" of the interior of a mansion, the appropriateness of which was as critically examined.

Miss Maria's Fiftieth

THE ROMANCE OF A UNIVERSITY TOWN

By Octave Thanet

IN TWO PARTS: PART II

WHILE Miss Maria was discussed by her late guests, the subject of the discussion sat all alone with her sister.

Virginia was bitterly conning the emotions of the last month. When did the monstrous thought enter her mind that her sister could so forget her dignity—"her honor," Virginia passionately called it, forgetting that marriage is always presumably an honorable estate—as to think of marrying that boy? Who was the first to suggest the poisonous suspicion? And why had Maria told that story to-day? Much of it was new to her. She had been so hurt in her pride, in her jealous affection, in every fibre of her heart by the bare supposition of Maria's letter, that, impulsively, she had taken the next train south, and offered her sister the immovable option of either giving up the "little Cracker vagrant" or her. The sisters had one miserable interview, in which Virginia's hot heart had poured out lava-like reproaches and taunts, burning more cruelly than she knew, and then she had fled back to the dismal little inn of the place, to the dismay of Maria's Southern friend, who almost wept at such perversion of her hospitality. Then the next day came Maria's submission. But not until the boy was gone had she relented enough to set foot within the same house with her sister. When they did meet it was as if nothing had happened, and sedulously Virginia tried to cover her sister's disappointment with every material pleasure she could invent for her happiness.

"I gave up my whole life to her," was the younger sister's stormy cry to her own soul. "I never denied her but that one thing in my life, and yet she has never forgiven me. I never see her look at a child that I don't feel she is resenting my depriving her of that one happiness of adopting that boy."

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Then there came the same thought that had occurred to Mrs. Allison. Did she want her to make amends for opposing her ten years ago by not opposing her now?

But that was so different, she argued; that had not been wicked and degrading.

Maria's little story had curiously softened her heart toward the boy. If he had come to them she might have grown to love him; they might both have been happy in him.

Were he with them now there could be no question of this awful other thing. And then, as one rends a veil, she rose up trembling at a flash of thought.

"Maria," she said, "how old is Mr. Armstrong?"

Maria, too, rose. Attempting to steady herself by the table, somehow she brushed one of the precious cups to the floor; she did not even look at it.

"He is twenty years old," she said, pale as Virginia.

"And what is his full name?"

"His name is Philip Ambrose Armstrong," said Miss Maria.

Hardly knowing what she did, Mrs. De Forest dropped into a chair and covered her face with a dish-towel—that being the only screen at hand.

Maria approached her timidly; except for her own tempestuous emotion, Virginia must have marveled at her proud sister's manner.

"I meant to tell you, I truly did," she said; "I meant to tell you before my next birthday; that is why I began the story—partly why—for I wanted the others should know, too, but I hadn't the courage to finish before them." She touched Virginia's shoulder softly. "Indeed, I have felt remorse at deceiving you all these years, but I hadn't the courage to make a breach between us. People suppose I am so fearless—that is all they know about it—I am a coward where I love people. I was a coward with you; I couldn't bear to hurt you after you had been hurt so dreadfully. And I could not give him up. Vinnie, dear, consider how I had nursed him through that fever. The Doctor said I saved his life. I gave him his life, Vinnie; what could his own mother do more? Had I not a right to him?"

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The blood crimsoned her face and throat, but she spoke resolutely. "Vinnie, don't think it impossible, after that month I was fighting for his life and he couldn't bear to have me out of his sight, I felt as if I were his mother. I had a dream, too—I don't believe in dreams, but this one has haunted me ever since. His mother seemed to be telling me such a long, sad story of her life, and I was crying over it, and then she gave me the boy. 'Make his life happier,' she said. So I could not give him up. But I deceived you. I pretended to send him away. Then, afterward, he came back. Lydia took care of him. I gave her money. I have always seen him every year; I have written to him each week; whatever he wanted I loved to get and send him. Upstairs in a little box I have all the letters he has written me, from the scrawly little things just after I left him, to last year. I had to stoop to mean devices and deceit to conceal this from you, and it has made me miserable. Try to forgive me, Vinnie." She leaned over her; she would have kissed her if they had been a little farther out of view of passers-by.

Mrs. De Forest very gently pushed her away. "Please don't talk to me now," she said. "I do forgive you, but—I am dizzy."

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She walked off into the house, upstairs to her own room.

That evening at dinner a little note lay on Miss Maria's plate:

"I do forgive you; please forgive me. By-and-by I will talk to you about it. Your loving sister,

"Vinnie."

Maria read the contents of the note. "Thank you," she said to Mrs. De Forest, who had just entered. "I hope your headache is better, dear."

Thus do we make believe to hoodwink our men servants and women servants. But Elizabeth Akers, who had been Miss Maria's maid for twelve years, smiled to herself.

"It is all gone," said Mrs. De Forest.

She made no further reference to the conversation then or during the week, but Mrs. Allison almost fell off her porch-chair that same evening, beholding Mrs. De Forest and young Armstrong driving together.

"I don't see anything remarkable in that," said Doctor Allison. "Vinnie has succumbed to Maria, that's all. But it is an awful pity. The strangest thing is that he seems a nice, modest, manly fellow. But he is in poor business, poor business."

For the next week rumor busied itself about equally with Miss Maria's birthday party and Miss Maria's possible marriage. It was related that the greenhouses far and wide had been stripped for the function; the lawn was to have lanterns and tents, and in the great hall the family Bible, erected on a stand and surrounded by flowers, was to proclaim to the world the right of Maria Keith on that particular day to have a golden birthday. There were half a dozen varying tales of Miss Maria's costume; it was black velvet, it was mauve satin, it was white satin. The only point of agreement was the cap. One wild legend declared that Miss Maria was going to be married. She had consented to marry young Armstrong, and she would defy public sentiment by thus obtaining a large audience under false pretenses to her bridal. Mrs. Caroll, who pronounced this the most impudent nonsense, could find no ground except the fact that all the clergymen of town were invited. Miss Maria stated positively that no presents were to be accepted.

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Mrs. De Forest had the unanimous pity of the town, and came nearer popularity there than she had ever done in her life. She made most of the arrangements in person, and it was frequently observed that she looked careworn and perturbed.

In spite of criticism, not an invited guest was absent the eventful night, as the local paper styled it. The lawn, with its myriads of brilliant lanterns, was a fairy scene. In the wide hallway, near the light stand—where, truly enough, embowered in flowers, the family Bible lay open—stood Miss Maria in the softest of silver gray and diamonds, with a cap trimmed with pink ribbons that made her look ten years younger, and gave a new, soft prettiness to her handsome face. It was she who received the guests. Mrs. De Forest had disappeared.

The band discoursed music that suggested love and even matrimony, since they played the Lohengrin March. While they were playing Miss Maria left her post in the hall. At first this did not attract attention, but presently, who knows how, disquieting whispers passed from mouth to mouth, and the guests left the marquees, where the punch-bowls—full of lemonade and claret and champagne-cup—had either cheered or scandalized them, according to their principles, and silently, gradually they filled the spacious rooms. Somehow the impression filtered through the air that the principal parties were in a small room used as Miss Maria's own study. And it was whispered that young Armstrong was not visible.

"Never mind," said Doctor Allison, "we'll see them all soon; there comes the minister."

At this moment Miss Maria was standing in the study, looking puzzled. She had a card in her hand that said simply:

"Dear Sister: Come into the study a moment. I have a domestic present for you. V."

She was alone when she began to read, but before she finished Mrs. De Forest came in, and behind her Ambrose Armstrong.

"This is the present, sister," she said. "I wanted to see him a little before I decided. I am satisfied. We will adopt him together a sour nephew, with our name. Shall we not introduce Mr. Philip Ambrose Keith to our friends?"

The tears rushed to Maria's eyes. But she could not speak, for Mrs. De Forest was holding wide the door. It was she who made the cool little presentation speech.

"For many years," she said, standing as erect and haughty as Miss Maria had ever stood, and looking almost handsome with the red spot in her cheek, and her shining eyes, "for many years my sister has been caring for a little boy whose life she saved, as some of you may know"—she glanced toward Mrs. Caroll and Mrs. Allison. "We have grown more and more interested in him, and have decided to adopt him as our nephew. I do not know that there could be any better opportunity to bespeak our friend's kind welcome than to-day, when my sister celebrates what she likes to call her golden birthday. I hope we may renew our youth in his. My friends, I am glad to introduce our nephew, Mr. Philip Ambrose Armstrong Keith."

"Sold!" muttered Doctor Allison. But he was the first to take the blushing young fellow by the hand, and he made a most graceful congratulatory speech. Miss Maria wondered a little at the heartiness, the actual affection of the congratulations that were showered upon her; she supposed, happily, that they were because of Ambrose's talents and goodness, which even strangers perceived; she never dreamed, in her innocence, that the eager friends were equally remorseful and relieved. If Mrs. De Forest's slightly cynical smile meant any other opinion, she kept it to herself. Once Miss Maria found a moment apart with her.

"I called it my golden birthday, dear sister," she said, "but it is you that have made it so!"

And in the grateful glance she gave her, the last of the cloud was swept away forever.

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Farmer Eli's Vacation

JOURNEYING TO THE SEA

By Alice Brown

"IT DON'T seem as if we'd really got round to it, does it, father?" asked Mrs. Pike.

The west was paling, and the August insects stirred the air with their crooning chirp. Eli and his wife sat together on the washbench outside the back door, waiting for the milk to cool before it should be strained. She was a large, comfortable woman, with an unlined face, and smooth, fine auburn hair; he was spare and somewhat bent, with curly iron-gray locks, growing thin, and crow's feet about his deep-set gray eyes. He had been smoking the pipe of twilight contentment, but now he took it out and laid it on the bench beside him.

"No; it don't seem as if 'twas goin' to happen," he owned. "It looked pretty dark to me all last week. It's a good deal of an undertakin', come to think it all over. I dunno's I care about goin'."

"Why, father! After you've thought about it so many years, an' Sereno's got the tents strapped up, an' all! You must be crazy!"

"Well," said the farmer gently, as he arose and went to carry the milk-pails into the pantry, calling coaxingly, as he did so, "Kitty! Kitty! You had your milk. Don't you joggle, now!"

Mrs. Pike came ponderously to her feet, and followed, with the heavy, swaying motion of one grown fleshy and rheumatic. She was not in the least concerned about Eli's change of mood. He was a gentle soul, and she had always been able to guide him in paths of her own choosing. Moreover, the present undertaking was one involving his own good fortune, and she meant to tolerate no foolish scruples which might interfere with its result. For Eli, though he had lived all his life within easy driving distance of the ocean, had never seen it, and ever since his boyhood he had cherished one darling plan—some day he would go to the shore and camp out there for a week. This, in his starved imagination, was like a dream of the Acropolis to an artist stricken blind, or as mountain outlines to the dweller in a lonely plain. But the years had flitted past, and the dream never seemed nearer completion. There was always planting, haying, and harvesting to be considered; and though he was fairly prosperous, excursions were foreign to his simple habit of life. But at last his wife had stepped into the van.

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"Now, don't you say one word, father," she had said. "We're goin' down to the beach; Sereno, an' Hattie, an' you, an' me, an' we're goin' to camp out."

For days before the date of the excursion Eli had been solemn and tremulous, as with joy; but now, on the eve of the great event, he shrank back from it, with an undefined notion that it was like death, and that he was not prepared. Next morning, however, when they all rose and took their early breakfast, preparatory to starting at five, he showed no sign of indecision, and even went about his outdoor tasks with an alacrity calculated, as his wife approvingly remarked, to "for'ard the v'y'ge." He had at last begun to see his way clear, and he looked well satisfied when his daughter Hattie, and Sereno, her husband, drove into the yard in a wagon cheerfully suggestive of a wandering life. The tents and a small hair trunk were stored in the back, and the horse's pail swung below.

"Well, father," called Hattie, her rosy face like a flower under the large shade-hat she had trimmed for the occasion, "guess we're goin' to have a good day!"

He nodded from the window, where he was patiently holding his head high and undergoing strangulation, while his wife, breathing huskily with haste and importance, put on his stock.

At length the two teams were ready, and Eli mounted to his place, where he looked very slender beside his towering mate. The hired man stood leaning on the pump, chewing a bit of straw, and the cats rubbed against his legs, with tails like banners.

"Well, good-by, Luke," Mrs. Pike called over her shoulder; and Eli gave the man a solemn nod, gathered up the reins, and drove out of the yard. Just outside of the gate he pulled up.

"Whoa!" he called, and Luke lounged forward. "Don't you forgit them cats! Git up, Doll!" And this time they were gone.

For the first ten miles of the way, familiar in being the road to market, Eli was placidly cheerful. The sense that he was going to do some strange deed, to step into an unknown country, dropped away from him, and he chatted, in his intermittent, serious fashion, of the crops and the lay of the land.

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"Pretty bad job up along here, ain't it, father?" called Sereno, as they passed a sterile pasture where two plodding men and a yoke of oxen were redeeming the soil from its rocky fetters.

"There's a good deal o' pastur', in some places, that ain't fit for nothin' but to hold the world together," returned Eli; and then he was silent, his eyes fixed on Doll's eloquent ears, his mouth working a little.

"We've prospered, ain't we, Maria?" he asked, at last; and his wife, unconsciously following his thoughts, in the manner of those who have lived long together, stroked her black silk "visite," and answered, with a well-satisfied nod:

"I guess we ain't got no cause to complain."

The roadside was parched under an August sun; tansy was dust-covered, and ferns had grown ragged and gray. The jogging horses left behind their lazy feet a suffocating cloud.

"My land!" cried Mrs. Pike, "if that ain't golden-rod! I do b'lieve it comes earlier every year, or else the seasons are changin'. See them elderberries! Ain't they purple? You jest remember that bush, an' when we go back we'll fill some pails. I dunno when I've made elderberry wine."

Like her husband, she was vaguely excited; she began to feel as if life would be all holidays. At noon they stopped under the shadow of an elm tree which, from its foothold in a field, completely arched the road; and there they ate a lunch of pie and doughnuts, while the horses, freed from their headstalls, placidly munched a generous feed of oats, near by.

At the lunch Eli ate sparingly, and with a preoccupied and solemn look.

"Land, father!" exclaimed his wife, "you ain't eat no more'n a bird!"

"I guess I'll go over to that well," said he, "an' git a drink o' water. I drink more'n I eat, if I ain't workin'." But when he came back, carefully bearing a tin pail brimming with cool, clear water, his face expressed the utmost disapprobation, and he smacked his lips scornfully several times.

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"Terrible flat water!" he announced. "Tastes as if it had come out o' the cistern." But the others could find no fault with it, and Sereno drained the pail.

"Pretty good, I call it," he said; and Mrs. Pike rejoined.

But Eli still shook his head, and ejaculated "Brackish, brackish!" as he began to put the bit in Doll's patient mouth. He was thinking, with a passion of loyalty, of the clear, ice-cold water at home, which had never been shut out by a pump from the purifying airs of heaven, but lay where the splashing bucket and chain broke, every day, the image of moss and fern. His throat grew parched and dry with longing.

When they were within three miles of the sea it seemed to them that they could taste the saltness of the incoming breeze. The road was ankle-deep in dust; the garden flowers were glaring in their brightness. It was a new world. And when at last they emerged from the marsh-bordered road upon a ridge of sand, and turned a corner, Mrs. Pike faced her husband in triumph.

"There, father!" she cried. "There 'tis. There's the beach."

But Eli's eyes were fixed on the dashboard in front of him. He looked pale.

"Why, father," said she impatiently, "ain't you goin' to look? It's the sea!"

"Yes, yes," said Eli quietly; "by'n'by. I'm goin' to put the horses up fust."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Pike, and as they drew up on the sandy tract where Sereno had previously arranged a place for their tents, she added, almost fretfully, turning to Hattie, "I dunno what's come over your father. There's the water, and he won't even cast his eyes at it."

But Hattie understood her father, by some intuition of love, though not of likeness.

"Don't you bother him, ma," she said. "He'll make up his mind to it pretty soon.

Here, le's lift out these little things while they're unharnessin', and then they can get at puttin' up the tents."

Mrs. Pike's mind was diverted by the exigencies of labor, and she said no more; but after the horses had been put up at a neighboring house, and Sereno, red-faced with exertion, had superintended the tent-raising, Hattie slipped her arm through her father's and led him away. "Come, pa," she said, in a whisper; "le's you and me climb over on them rocks."

Eli went; and when they had picked their way over sand and pools to a headland where the water thundered below, and salt spray dashed up in mist to their feet, he turned and looked at the sea. He faced it as a soul might face Almighty Greatness, only to be stricken blind thereafter; for his eyes filled painfully with slow, hot tears. Hattie did not look at him, but after a while she shouted in his ear, above the outcry of the surf:

"Here, pa, take my handkerchief. I don't know how it is about you, but this spray gets in my eyes."

Eli took it obediently, but he did not speak; he only looked at the sea. The two sat there, chilled and quite content, until six o'clock, when Mrs. Pike came calling to them from the beach, with dramatic shouts, emphasized by the waving of her apron.

"Supper's ready! Sereno's built a bonfire, an' I've made some tea!"

Then they slowly made their way back to the tents, and sat down to the evening meal. Sereno seemed content, and Mrs. Pike was bustling and triumphant.

"Well, father, what think?" she asked, smiling exuberantly, as she passed him his mug of tea. "Does it come up to what you expected?"

Eli turned upon her his mild, dazed eyes.

"I guess it does," he said gently.

That night they sat upon the shore while the moon rose and laid in the water her majestic pathway of light. Eli was the last to leave the rocks, and he lay down on his hard couch in the tent without speaking.

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"I wouldn't say much to father," whispered Hattie to her mother, as they parted for the night. "He feels it more'n we do."

"Well, I s'pose he is some tired," said Mrs. Pike, acquiescing, after a brief look of surprise. "It's a good deal of a jaunt, but I dunno but I feel paid a'ready. Should you take out your hairpins, Hattie?"

She slept soundly and vocally, but her husband did not close his eyes. He looked, though he could see nothing, through the opening in the tent, in the direction where lay the sea, solemnly clamorous, eternally responsive to some infinite whisper from without his world. The tension of the hour was almost more than he could bear; he longed for morning, in sharp suspense, with the faint hope that the light might bring relief. Just as the stars faded, and one luminous line pencilled the east, he rose, smoothed his hair, and stepped softly out upon the beach. Here he saw two shadowy figures, Sereno and Hattie. She hurried forward to meet him.

"You goin' to see the sun rise, too, father?" she asked. "I made Sereno come. He's awful mad at bein' waked up." Eli grasped her arm.

"Hattie," he said, in a whisper, "don't you tell. I jest come out to see how 'twas here, before I go. I'm goin' home."

"Why, father," said Hattie; but she peered more closely into his face, and her tone changed. "All right," she added. "Sereno 'll go and harness up."

"No; I'm goin' to walk."

"But, father——"

"I don't mean to break up your stayin' here, nor your mother's. Tell her how 'twas. I'm goin' to walk."

Hattie turned and took her father's hand. "I'll slip into the tent and put up somethin' for your breakfast and luncheon," she said.

So Eli yielded; but before his wife appeared he had turned his back on the sea, where the rose of dawn was fast unfolding. As he joggled homeward, the dusty roadsides bloomed with flowers of paradise, and the insects' dry chirp thrilled like the song of angels. He drove into the yard just at the turning of the day, when the fragrant smoke of many a crackling fire curls cheerily upward, in promise of the evening meal.

"What's busted?" asked Luke, swinging himself down from his load of fodder-corn, and beginning to unharness Doll.

"Oh, nothin'," said Eli, leaping from the wagon as if twenty years had been taken from his bones. "I guess I'm too old for such jaunts. I hope you didn't forgit them cats? Did you feed them reg'lar?"

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Where Queen Victoria Had an Account.—During the stay of the Queen, some years ago, in the vicinity of Loch Vennachar, the Princess Louise, who lacks none of the love of her sex for shopping, drove into the town of Callander to get some velvet matched. Having procured what she was in search of, she was about to pay for it, when she discovered that she had left home without her purse. Explaining the matter to the draper, and promising to send the money next day, the Princess was greatly amused at receiving the characteristic reply from the accomodating man: "Dinna fash (trouble) yourself, mem; yer mither has an account here."

The Wooing of Miss Strong

THE STORY OF A BRIEF COURTSHIP

By Margaret Butler Snow

In Two Parts: Part I

IT IS probable that, if brought to consider the point squarely, Jack Callam would have said he liked girls. Indeed, on reflection, he would have gone so far as to say that to be entirely deprived of their society might be positively inconvenient. He rather enjoyed watching a pretty girl. He did not find it tiresome to exchange opinions on the affairs of the hour, while the tea was in the cup, with a bright, jolly girl—but, now, womankind had suddenly become to him more than this impersonal vague half of the world. He had met Miss Strong, he had spoken to her—so he was now in a new world!

He had landed at Oban an hour ago, after a glorious sail up from Glasgow. Coming into the cozy little parlor of the hotel, he found the bright fire so inviting he concluded he would read his letters and papers there, with his feet upon the fender.

He had just read a telegram from a friend who promised to meet him next day, and was lounging luxuriously in his great arm-chair, acknowledging to himself, with drowsy astonishment, that he would actually rather eat a good dinner than open the latest New York papers, when suddenly the group of English yachtsmen in the hall stepped aside, and two ladies entered the parlor.

They were followed by a girl, who stood a moment in the door, motioning forward a servant, who presently brought in some wraps and umbrellas, and immediately disappeared. In the instant that she stood there, her tall, young figure framed in the doorway, the likeness of the girl was stamped indelibly on Jack Callam's heart. But though not a line of her features nor a detail of her costume escaped him, he could not have said, as she crossed the room, if she were beautiful or plain, so struck was he with the exceeding grace of her figure and carriage. Hastily collecting his letters and papers, he rose, offering his chair, which was declined with a word of thanks and a gracious smile from one of the elder ladies, as they sat down near the table in the middle of the room.

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Dexterously shifting the chair to a position from which he could occasionally glance in their direction without appearing unduly interested, he sat down again, to wait for dinner with a resignation so complete that it struck him as being distinctly amusing. He enjoyed catching a glimpse of himself in an absurd light. He was actually manœuvring to get a glance at a pretty girl, determining, already, to know her.

He sat watching the blazing coals, apparently deep in thought, carefully studying the charming photograph Fate had so kindly given him, comparing it, by well-timed, stealthy glances, with the original. Beyond doubt she was beautiful. Her soft hair was coiled in a shining knot low on her neck, under a small, dark turban with a velvet rim. He could not quite determine whether her eyes were gray or blue, but they were bewitching; not too large, and not too bright, with dark level brows, and long, dark eyelashes. Her features were not regular. Perhaps her nose was a trifle large. Her mouth certainly was, but Jack thought it the most beautiful he had ever seen. The full red lips met in curves that gave her face an irresistible archness, even in repose.

He longed to see her smile. It was evident that exposure to the summer's sun had somewhat browned her cheeks and chin, for her turban pushed back a little showed her forehead snowy white, under the fluffy fringe of curly hair that partially concealed it. The scarlet in her cheeks looked as if it had been brought there by long walks and drives in the keen winds of the hills. Her gown of dark cloth, well fitted her slim, rounded figure with the precision of a habit, its exquisite simplicity revealing each perfect line and curve. The rather short coatsleeve disclosed a round, little wrist and small, white hands.

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As she leaned languidly back in her chair, her attitude was one of grace so noticeable that her beauty became secondary, perforce. As Jack was glancing at her for the ninth time, she drew out a tiny jeweled watch, her only ornament, and said to the lady nearest her, who had taken a small note-book from the silver-bound bag hanging from her belt, and was using the table as a desk:

"Mrs. Grey, if I asked for bread, do you think they would give me a stone?"

"Would you not prefer a stone?" demanded that lady, without looking up. "At least, you would not try to eat it."

"You are severe," said the girl laughing. "A day on the coach is somewhat too trying to your——"

"Temper," said Mrs. Grey candidly. "Yes, I think we are perhaps overdoing this coaching." She closed her note-book, pushing her small gold pencil through the ornamental leather loop on its edges.

"Fifteen years ago," she went on, answering the protest in the girl's face by a slight smile, "I could drive through the Highlands on the top of a coach, day in and day out, rain or shine, and never know a moment of fatigue. It was enchanted ground to me, too, then. I do not wish to jeopardize your esteem for me, but I will admit that when I weigh romance in the balance, now, I find it wanting."

"Not that you love romance less, but comfort more," suggested the other lady, with a placid smile. "So do I."

"Oh, but environment!" urges the girl. "You could not, in justice to your sense of the fitness of things, consent to any other mode of travel up here! Consider yourself in your due relation to the landscape. You would not wish to withhold yourself, decoratively speaking. Sustain yourself with the thought of your appropriate picturesqueness. Realize that the effect of you is gay."

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"These coaches do look gay," conceded Mrs. Grey. "There is a most deceptive air of festivity about them. Do you suppose we produce that effect, as we bump along? There is consolation in the thought that would tend to alleviate my sufferings. But we will be prosaic enough to-morrow," she added. "I think Samuel intends to go down to Glasgow by rail. I suppose you will be irreconciled to anything so barbarous."

"Shades of the Chiefs!" exclaimed the girl, in mock horror. "Fancy rushing in a train through glen and glade! What sacrilege! If we had a tinge of proper feeling and enthusiasm, we should 'prick along right merrily on red-roan steeds'!"

Jack smiled into the fire. He liked her voice. He had been quite sure he should. Still, he was not entirely disarmed by her beauty. He was able yet to criticise with some degree of impartiality, and anything less than the absolute refinement of her voice would not have satisfied his fastidious ear. It was low, and not too sweet to be frank. Her pronunciation, so charmingly exact, was American. That it would be, he had been reasonably sure.

The two ladies had strikingly white hair, eminently becoming, worn as they wore it, in soft curled locks on their foreheads, under thin, almost invisible veils which were drawn snugly back over their small, dark bonnets. This piquant badge of age made a certain resemblance between them, which was heightened by the similarity of their simple, elegant dress. He was wasting time in idle speculation.

By judicious management he could at least learn from the register their names, if not where they lived. He had a clue. He had heard the names "Grey" and "Samuel." That he would know this girl was a foregone conclusion. As he left the parlor, he dismissed all reflection on that point as superfluous. He did not see exactly how so delicate a matter was to be handled, but he did not allow himself to so insult his enterprise as to doubt that it would be concluded to his satisfaction. He admitted that he had no right to expect more from Fate.

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He found four names on the page with his own, the last on that day's list: "Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bell and servant. Mrs. Katharine L. Grey, Miss Strong." They were written in a regular, characterless hand, by the servant, probably, Jack thought, and were bracketed together by the letters "U. S." opposite. This was amusing, but not satisfactory. However, it was something to know their names.

Having decided upon a plan of action, determined to meet chance more than half way, he crossed the hall to the dining-room, the doors of which were just being thrown open, selecting as he went the largest gold piece in his coin purse. He was not too preoccupied to notice near the entrance a tall man, with an air of distinction, French, probably, he thought, with white hair, close-cut, rather pointed white beard, and brilliant dark eyes with dark eyebrows contrasting sharply with his white hair.

His dress was carelessly elegant. As Jack began a diplomatic conversation with the waiter he had summoned from the dining-room, this man crossed the hall, entered the parlor and joined the three ladies by the table. Logically he could be none other than the missing member of the party, Mr. Samuel Bell. "Delighted to meet you, sir," said Jack to himself with a smile which was reflected on the face of the waiter, as he felt the gold piece in his ready palm.

"Yes, sir; understand, sir," he said, smiling comprehensively as Jack whispered something to him, glancing toward the parlor. "Sit here, sir," placing Jack at the table. It filled up rapidly. There was evidently no disposition on the part of the guests to affect an indifference toward dinner they did not feel. It soon became apparent that the four choice seats at the head of the table were being reserved for favored individuals.

Presently they were taken by a tall, white-haired man, accompanied by three ladies, to whom the waiter was deference itself. This seemed to be irritating to the severe English couple near the middle of the long table.

Mr. Bell sat at the head, with his wife at his left hand, Jack sat next to her, with Mrs. Grey and Miss Strong directly opposite, an arrangement he considered satisfactorily effective. It placed the exhibits in their order, legally speaking, and he felt that he had his case well in hand. The audacity of his mental attitude toward them entertained him. He was looking the other way when they came in, but he heard Mr. Bell say:

"I told Helen when they saw her they would put me at the head of the table as usual. It's an enormous advantage to have a belle in the party. Saves heavy fees."

Jack turned in time to see Miss Strong frowning at Mr. Bell, and trying not to smile. The result was a dimple, which made his mental portrait of her complete.

As the various dishes of the excellently planned and executed dinner appeared and disappeared, and not a straw of an opportunity to speak to his neighbors presented itself for Jack to clutch at, he found the outlook obscure.

The impression was general at the table that he was an Englishman of rank, probably the elder son of an elderly Duke with the gout. Perhaps he owned an estate near Oban, whispered the irate English couple. He was regarded by all with interest, and his handsome person, and modest, unassuming manner, were much admired.

He was not without resource, as has been shown, but he could not cope with the difficulties of this apparently simple yet obstinately disheartening situation. There did not seem to be anything to do but eat his dinner in silence, which he did, with an appetite not entirely impaired by his disappointment. If Mrs. Bell would drop her knife or fork or spoon, or upset her wine glass in his direction, a diversion might thus be created which would prove entirely adequate.

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If she had guessed the longing in the young man's heart, she might have relaxed for a moment her gentle precision, though she would have felt it a great sacrifice even to pretend to be awkward. But it was impossible for her to imagine that, just as it was impossible to imagine that he was wishing that she might faint away, with her head on his shoulder. Of course, he could hardly hope to be so fortunate.

At this point in his fancies he brushed away a smile with his napkin. He did not want Miss Strong to see him smiling, when it was so evident there was no occasion for mirth. On the contrary, the atmosphere of dejection peculiar to *table d'hôte* was more than ordinarily oppressive.

But she did not see him, he told himself drearily. He wished to be sure she knew he was there. She avoided seeing him with a dexterity he could but admire, though it affected him painfully.

His spirits were at zero, and he was consoling himself with the thought that he would soon be at liberty to seek the consolation of a good cigar, when he heard Mrs. Bell say the beef was particularly tasteless, and saw her glance toward an old-fashioned salt-cellar which stood just beyond his plate. Here was the ghost of a chance, and Jack was not the man to scorn it. Before the waiter could reach them he had placed the salt before her with an "Allow me," adding, with the courage of desperation as her kind eyes met his, "We hear a great deal about the roast beef of old England, but after all it cannot be compared to a good New York cut."

A discussion on meats and markets, internationally considered, is not without interest, and a man in the hands of chance cannot be critical. Jack thought the conversation following his overture not only instructive, but positively brilliant.

The ladies did not take an active part. They acquiesced when Mr. Bell and Jack finally decided that no markets in the world equaled those of America.

"But do you know," said Mr. Bell to Jack, "I took you to be an Englishman; I thought you were remarkably inoffensive!"

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Jack laughed. "And I took you to be a Frenchman. I suppose, as good Americans, we ought to be quite pleased. I believe it is the effort, now, of most of us to seem to be what we are not."

"I was born near Paris," said Mr. Bell. "My mother doesn't speak a word of English to this day, though she went to America when I was a boy. I am proud to call myself an American. America has been good to me."

"America is good to everybody," said Jack. "We don't realize how good until we come over here and begin to make comparisons. I always find myself belligerently patriotic when I am on foreign soil."

"Well, I am glad to find you are an American," said Mr. Bell. "It is a pleasure to see a decent American once in a while."

"Samuel!" protested his wife.

"Why, it is," he insisted, with the air of having been contradicted, "and why, then, shouldn't I say so? I see so many I'm ashamed of, I'm sure I'm glad to announce it when I find one I'm proud to know."

"You flatter me," said Jack, laughing.

"Not at all," said Mr. Bell; "not at all; I do you mere justice."

He spoke with the utmost seriousness, but his eyes were twinkling. The ladies were smiling. They evidently enjoyed his oddity. So did Jack. He spoke deliberately, with an accent of peculiar distinctness, noticeably French, especially in reflection, and in the equality of emphasis he laid on every syllable of his words. The gestures of his white, well-shaped hands were also excessively French, as was the incessant lifting of the shoulders and heavy eyebrows. He had the air of being able to be serious, but seemed to prefer a gentle raillery as a conversational recreation.

"Doesn't it strike you," he went on now, "that Americans are more affectionately disposed than other races, and inconveniently so? You never see Englishmen embrace each other when they meet on foreign soil. They don't yearn for the companionship of fellow-countrymen, eh?"

"Not exactly," said Jack.

"I don't see where the Americans we see over here come from," said Mr. Bell; "we never see that kind at home. We avoid them. We used to add our address when we put our names on the hotel books, but we don't do that now. Some Ohio man was sure to turn up. Oh, I have suffered!"

"I think the Americans we meet compare very favorably with the foreigners," said Miss Strong with some decision.

She had not spoken before, but she had looked at him once or twice, and Jack felt that he had succeeded in impressing upon her the fact of his existence, at least.

"You are indiscriminatingly patriotic," said Mr. Bell.

"I agree with Helen," said Mrs. Grey. "At home I might not care to know all of them, but over here I am not willing to admit that they are not so good as anybody."

"Or better," said Mr. Bell. "You drape their eccentricities with the Stars and Stripes, and call the effect picturesque."

"At least you must admit that they are all very intelligent," said Mrs. Bell.

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"Oh, they are intelligent," groaned her husband; "that's what makes them so objectionable! You could endure them if they were not so painfully, so supernaturally intelligent! You can't escape them. Flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the intelligent American will be there. I want to meet one who has not seen everything, and won't undertake to explain to you the entire universe while you smoke your cigar."

"Behold in me the man you seek," said Jack, recommending himself with mock complacency. "I am willing, nay, anxious, to prove to you that I am satisfactorily ignorant. You could not find any one more so!"

The grimly silent diners at the other end of the table enviously disapproved the hilarity of this gay party. The English lady said there was an air of recklessness about them that stamped them as shockingly mediocre. Americans always were. Her husband sent them glances of gloomy superiority.

"Let me present my card," said Mr. Bell, taking out his card-case. "I am delighted to have met you."

Jack with difficulty concealed his exultation. Mr. Bell handed him a card on which was engraved in plain clear lettering, "Samuel Clellan Bell, Cleveland, Ohio."

"John Callam, Junior, New York," Mr. Bell read aloud slowly, from the card Jack handed him in return. "Why, is it possible," he asked, lowering the glass he had held to his eyes as he read the card, and looking at him squarely, "is it possible you are a son of John Callam, the lawyer?"

Jack felt that he had never before realized his good fortune in being his father's son.

"I am," he said. "Do you know him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bell, "I know him! I know him well, and I value the privilege. You are fortunate in your father, Mr. Callam. Your inheritance is splendid."

Jack colored with pleasure. Years of devotion could never repay his father for the joy of that moment.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Callam," went on Mr. Bell, "glad to know you for your father's sake and glad to know you for your own. If you make half the lawyer your father has, you ought to be satisfied. What a man he is!" Mr. Bell chuckled. "He's pulled me through many a tight place. He has things just about where he wants them. If he undertakes to prove black is white it's a stubborn Judge who won't see it his way."

"I perceive you are familiar with his little idiosyncrasies," said Jack, laughing.

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"I guess they haven't been a drawback to him in his profession," said Mr. Bell. "But I must introduce you to Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Grey," indicating each in turn, "and Miss Strong. Ladies, I present an American who is not—intelligent!"

They made him one of them with a delightfully informal conventionality, if so may be somewhat paradoxically described the impression their entirely impersonal cordiality made on him. Miss Strong was tantalizingly attractive. The quick, shy response of her eyes was so flattering he found himself watching for it every time he spoke.

The deft originality with which she expressed herself gave a quaint background of sense to the most frivolous thing she said. Her nonsense had a quality of its own. Jack found them all adroit. At times their dexterity made him feel a trifle clumsy, but he was able to think that he did not appear so. He saw at once that Mr. Bell would not concede any commonplaces as stepping-stones to better acquaintance. It was one of his whims to remain misunderstood rather than make the slightest effort to explain himself.

He enjoyed being misunderstood. It gave him a somewhat mistaken sense of superiority. But he was never more pleased than when he met some one, who, like Jack, understood him intuitively, and accepted his oddity with a nonchalance equal to his own.

It was to see the flash of Miss Strong's earnest eyes, and the curl of her exquisitely mobile lips, that he combatted one of her cherished beliefs, insisting upon it that the Government of the United States was a failure, and would eventually be so admitted.

"Mr. Callam believes that the Mayor of the city of New York will be the King of the United States one of these days, don't you, Mr. Callam?"

"No; Mr. Callam believes that the Mayor of New York will be the King of the world," said Helen, with petty malice.

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"Don't be disagreeable, Helen," said Mr. Bell. "Don't try to make Mr. Callam uncomfortable, just because you are not so fortunate as to live in New York."

"Oh, I could not make him uncomfortable if I tried," said Helen, her dimples somewhat belying that statement. "It is not possible to make a New Yorker uncomfortable. They are supremely satisfied. They pity the rest of us. They will not admit that there is anything worth seeing west of the Hudson. They refuse to think we Westerners compass the ordinary comforts of civilization. They like to ignore us and their immeasurable obligations to us."

The proud poise of her pretty head, the light in her eyes, the flush on her cheeks, were enchanting.

"You are too sweeping, Miss Strong," protested Jack. "You do us injustice. We realize that New York is in some measure indebted to the United States. We do not wish to seem ungrateful to America!"

"That has the true New York ring," said Mr. Bell.

Helen shrugged her pretty shoulders, but did not speak again, and her thick eyelashes swept her cheeks.

"Well," Mr. Bell went on, "you have reason to be proud of your city. I think we are all proud of New York, though we like to say that the West is more interesting. I don't know that it is, though," he admitted, with a sly glance at Helen. "New York is so essentially cosmopolitan. It's the place to live. You could not keep the ladies away," he added, with a quizzical smile at his wife.

"Mr. Bell says he's afraid to let me go there alone," she explained to Jack gayly, "I spend so much money! The shops are alluring. I always say I would rather shop a week in New York than a year in Europe. The things are really cheaper, because Mr. Bell is so inconveniently honest he will declare everything so stupid!" She made a pretense of frowning at her husband. "And one has really an excellent selection in New York. Of course, if you want an assortment of associations as well as bric-a-brac—*cest une autre chose*. I have never been impressed with the idea of the souvenir."

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"Oh, are they not objectionable!" exclaimed Mrs. Bell. "If I wanted any souvenirs I would get them at Tiffany's, anyway. From my experience, and I have had quite a little, I should say that New York is the place to buy almost everything."

"All things to all men," said Mr. Bell. "German to the German, French to the French, Italian to the Italian——"

"Irish to the Irish," put in Helen.

"More Irish than Ireland," said Mrs. Grey.

"By certain infallible signs I discover that we are drifting into one of our political discussions," said Mrs. Bell, rising. "Mr. Callam deserves better at our hands. I move we adjourn peaceably!"

They lingered a few moments in the parlor. Jack and Helen stood by the fire. She put a slim, pretty foot on the fender, drawing aside the folds of her gown with one hand, the other under her chin supported her head, her elbow on the low mantel. Jack admired the tiny, patent-leather tips of her shoes, and the trim exactness of her costume. He noticed the pretty pink of her palm, and the upward curve of her eyelashes. Her chin was so round, and her throat so full. Her linen collar was turned away from it, in small points. A lock of her fine hair had escaped from a knot. She felt his steady gaze, and turned away.

"I think I shall go upstairs," she said, joining the others. "I must write a little to-night. I fear that several of my impressions are eluding me. Mrs. Grey is so systematic, Mr. Callam," she went on, her eyes meeting his. "The superiority of her note-book is a constant mortification to me."

"Will you put me in your note-book, Miss Strong?" asked Jack. "Do."

Helen pretended to hesitate. "Perhaps I may be able to make room for you," she murmured. "Would you mind being next to an old ruin?"

"Not in the least," replied Jack. "I am devoted to old ruins. Put me in one!"

Mrs. Bell dropped into Helen's room, on her way to her own, an hour later. Mrs. Grey was sitting by the abject little fire, watching the girl as she brushed her long, wavy hair.

"That Mr. Callam is going down to Glasgow with us to-morrow," Mrs. Bell said. "Samuel is charmed with him. He says that he doesn't know that he ever met a young man he liked so much. I tell him I think that is partly because he knows and likes his father, but he says he would admire him exactly as much if he didn't know his father. Perhaps he would. But it makes a great difference with me, to know all about his family. His father is one of the most celebrated lawyers in New York—which means the United States, of course."

"Say the world," murmured Mrs. Grey.

Mrs. Bell felt the interruption vaguely, but her fluency had gathered an impetus which carried her safely over it. She threw Mrs. Grey the scrap of a smile and went on evenly. "Mr. Callam expects to be a lawyer, too, but he intends to travel for a year or two first. He has been abroad a number of times, but this time he means to study Europe."

"Is that all? Don't stop," said Mrs. Grey with light irony, as Mrs. Bell paused. "He seems to be somewhat reserved. Did he not tell you his age, and show you the photographs of his family in a case of Russian leather?"

"Oh, you know Samuel!" laughed Mrs. Bell. "He never hesitates to put his remarks into interrogatory form. He has taken one of his violent fancies to Mr. Callam, and Mr. Callam evidently reciprocates. I like him, too. His manner is perfect, I think—so frank and easy, and so affectionately deferential. He must have an admirable mother. I think he is immensely handsome, don't you? His figure is superb."

"And his eyes are expressive," said Mrs. Grey with an air of innocence.

The thick masses of Helen's hair fell quite over her face as she leaned closer to the fire.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bell, "his eyes are beautiful."

Presently Helen said: "How do we go down to-morrow? By rail?"

"Boat," replied Mrs. Bell. "Mr. Callam persuaded Samuel to go that way. He came up by boat, and said the trip was delightful."

"Odd, his going back the way he came," suggested Mrs. Grey demurely.

It was odd. So odd that Jack was laughing over it at that precise moment, as he rearranged the various articles he had unpacked, and sat down to frame a coherent excuse for the friend he had expected to meet the next day. He finally decided to say he had been called back to Glasgow. That was but the bare truth. He had seen her for the first time, five brief hours before, but what of that? He knew that where she was was happiness. Every other fact in the universe was vague and indistinct. He fell to picturing the long, bright to-morrow.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT]

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Jim's Loyalty to 'Mandy

JIM was a long, lean, and lank mountaineer Kentuckian, says a writer in Puck, who owned a creek farm, fairly well stocked, and he was not a bad catch, as those things go in the mountains, but he had no wife.

"How is it, Jim," I said to him one day, "that you don't marry?" He grinned guilelessly.

"Well, Colonel," he said slowly, "you know 'Mandy Collins, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I axed her three months ago, an' she said she wouldn't have me."

"Why didn't you try somebody else?"

"I did, Colonel—a fine gal down the crick. I sot right up to her, like a sick kitten to a hot brick, for a whole week, when one day 'long came 'Mandy, and I axed her ag'in."

"What did she say?"

"She wouldn't have me."

"Try another," I said, encouragingly.

"I did, Colonel. 'Nother fine gal acrost the mountain. I sot up to her three weeks han' running, an' one night, when I was 'most ready to pop, I seen 'Mandy at spellin' school an' axed her ag'in to have me."

"What did she say that time?"

"Purty much the same thing."

"Why didn't you let her alone, then, and devote yourself to one you could get?" I asked, half provoked at his persistence.

"You bet I did, Colonel! I went right after old man Hankins' gal, Mary, an' Mary seemed mighty willin' an' obligin' till one mornin' I seen 'Mandy comin' down the road, an' I up an' axed her ag'in."

"What did she say?" I asked.

"Wouldn't have me no more'n t'other times," and his face fell.

"As I said before, Jim," I very emphatically remarked, "why in thunder don't you try another girl?"

"That's what I'm doin' now, Colonel," he responded, with more spirit than he had previously shown. "Fer a month an' uppards I've put 'Mandy clean outen my mind, an' I'm shinin' up to Hester Jones seven nights a week, an' no use talkin', Colonel, Hester likes it!"

"That's right, old fellow!" I exclaimed, slapping him on the shoulder. "Keep at it and you'll get her."

"Who, Colonel?" he asked, with a hopeful little smile. "'Mandy?"

I gave Jim up as beyond reclamation, and I guess he is still "axin' 'Mandy."

The Outward Tide

By Edith Rutter

THEY took her birds away because they sang;
Her kitten's bells; and then they gather'd round,
But, through the window still the music rang
Of many waves in melodies of sound.

They saw her pictures smile about the room—
The faces she had painted into life;
The oaken bureau in the crimsoned gloom
With its wrought stores to grace her when a wife.

And he who loved her watched the altered face,
That did not flush nor dimple at his touch;
Whilst God's red sunrise filled the sacred place,
And lit the once proud head that droop'd so much.

Dim thoughts like these rose to the rainbow sky;—
"The years have made us one in heart and mind;
I shall be wanting her until I die—
And seeking always what I cannot find."

The waves lapped lightly on the shingled shore,
And tossed the tinted shells and weeds about—
Then, with a swelling song, washed back once more,
And, with the tide, a little life went out!

—London Illustrated News.

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At a Church Wedding

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INTERLOPER

"WHO is the pretty girl you just bowed to?" asked Captain Bigg of his friend, John Arminger.

"Well, she's a girl with whom my acquaintance began in rather a remarkable way. You remember the eldest Stackpoole girl?"

"I remember the eldest Miss Stackpoole—Freddy—the one who hunts; but I should never dream of calling her a girl! And what possible connection has she with your charming young friend?"

"A very close one, as you shall soon hear, if only you will keep quiet and give me my head. You have evidently not heard that, to the surprise and delight of her friends, Freddy Stackpoole became engaged last spring to a fellow called Herford, worth a lot of money, but rather ancient. You see, I've known the Stackpooles all my life; we belong to the same county; hunt with the same pack of hounds. I sent Freddy a letter of congratulation and a hunting-crop—I heard afterward that she got twenty-three—and accepted an invitation to the wedding, which was to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday, at half-past two o'clock."

"But this is all beside the question," protested Captain Bigg.

"It is not—it's the main part; so keep quiet. I arrived in good time and entered the church. The church was crowded, and I was a good deal surprised, I must confess, for I had no notion the Stackpooles had so many friends in London. However, I had no time to speculate, for an energetic youth caught hold of me and breathlessly asked: 'Friend of bride or bridegroom?'

"'Bride,' I answered.

"'Here you are! Sit this side,' and he shoved me into a back seat, next to an old gentleman who sat by the door, and whose legs and stick I nearly tumbled over. He was a little chap with a white beard and red face, and wore an old-fashioned blue frock coat and a pair of baggy lavender gloves.

"I looked about me, and I give you my solemn word of honor that among all the crowd I did not see a soul I knew. Can you believe it?

"I happened to notice the old boy beside me. I caught him watching me furtively out of the corner of his eye. Our glances met and he said:

"'A friend of the bride's, sir?'

"'Bless you, yes,' I answered, 'known her since I was in pinafores.'

"'Since you were in pinafores,' he repeated, and he seemed rather taken aback.

"'Why, yes,' and I was thinking of adding that she was ten or twelve years my senior, but most fortunately refrained.

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"He stared very hard for some time, and then said: 'I suppose you are acquainted with most of the people here? Can you tell me who some of them are—any celebrities, you know, eh?'

"You are aware, Biggs, of my fatal passion for a practical joke. Well, here was a temptation I was powerless to resist. I fell—and for positively the last time. So I answered:

"'Oh, yes, I think I can point you out two or three well-known characters.'

"'Thank you,' he replied; 'I'm a country cousin—or rather, country grandfather, as you may see—and I very rarely come to London. Now, who is that stout, very dark woman in yellow, with the gold spikes in her bonnet?'

"'Oh, that,' I promptly returned, 'is the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. She is over here incog at present—just a visit to her dressmaker.'

"'Dear me! Why, I always thought that Mother Nature was her modiste,' said the old man with twinkling eyes.

"'Oh, no; she is quite civilized—wears shoes and stockings, and rarely touches raw meat.'

"'And, pray, why does she honor this ceremony with her presence?'

"'Because one of the bridegroom's cousins is attached to her court as chief pearl-diver. He is called the King Fisher, and I need scarcely add that it is a purely nominal, but well paid, post.'

"'Thank you; I see. Now, can you tell me who those two elderly men are who have come in together?'

"'With pleasure,' I answered. 'The short one is Henrik Ibsen, and the other is Lord Salisbury.'

"'Dear me, this is most interesting; and the lady in the wonderful mantle?'

"'Is Sarah Bernhardt, and the little man just behind her, in spectacles, is the Spanish Ambassador—Don Jose Manolo; he is a celebrated waltzer, and his fandango is a thing to see.'

"'I'm immensely obliged to you for a great and unexpected treat. Hullo! I think she has come,' he added, craning his neck.

"Yes, she undoubtedly had arrived—there was the usual commotion and whispering and organ pealing, the usual procession of choir-boys. Then the bride, walking very slowly—a lovely bride, though white as her gown—a girl of nineteen, splendid as lace and diamonds could make her, leaning on the arm of a boy of twenty—not my bride, but an utter and complete stranger. She was followed by ten bridesmaids, in white satin frocks, white feathered hats, and carrying immense bouquets of red roses; and the procession passed, leaving me dumfounded.

"I was an uninvited guest at the wrong wedding.

"My first idea was to make a bolt for it, but grandpapa's legs and stick cut off that door of escape, so I determined to sit still and make the best of an exceedingly disagreeable situation.

"The service over, the bridesmaids, armed with baskets of flowers, scattered themselves among the congregation, and the girl you saw, just now, how to me came down our way, all smiles, white feathers and favors. She seized on my old country grandpapa—as 'Grandpapa'—and said:

"'How silly of you to sit so far down, dear; you couldn't see.'

"'Too hot up there,' he said.

"'She behaved like a true British matron, and never shed a tear,' she continued, as she pinned his favor on his coat.

"'Now, Gwen, you must decorate my companion,' he said, indicating me. 'He has been first-rate company, and pointed me out all the lions and lionesses'; yet there was a look in the old man's eyes which I did not precisely understand nor at all enjoy.

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"As Miss Gwen reached across to me her basket of flowers was upset, and over the gathering up of these we became quite hilarious, not to say intimate.

"When the wedding cortege had filed by, there was the usual rush for carriages. Now was my chance. I rose, resolved to slip off, but so did my venerable companion, who pinned me firmly by the arm, saying:

"'You may as well look after me. We are going to the same place. I'm a lame old chap, and want an arm'—I should have said a leg. Before I knew where I was, I was being carried off in a swagger brougham, behind a pair of grand steppers; destination, Cadogan Square.

"The house was smothered in flowers and crammed with guests; my old man of the sea clung to me like a very limpet, and to my great dismay appeared to know every one. We passed through the packed masses, with a word here, a joke there, and I gathered that his name was Sir Duncan. It was no news to me that he was Scotch.

"In the drawing-room he had another word with Gwen, and then he remarked to me, with a malicious grin, 'Well, I don't see the Queen here yet, nor the playwright, nor even the dancing Ambassador. What has become of them?'

"What was to become of me was of far more importance, and, finding that my companion was making straight for the happy pair to tender his good wishes, and being an absolute stranger to both, I broke and fled, hoping to lose myself in the crowd, to find some efficacious means of escape, even were it through the kitchen and scullery. But the mob, surging toward the presents, carried me along in spite of my struggles, and I found myself figuratively 'cast up' in front of a table covered with magnificent diamonds and many gifts of much value.

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"I counted no less than three tiaras, as many necklaces, and of stars, suns, birds, bracelets, bows, a great multitude. The surrounding company appeared to be almost exclusively Scotch, and either intimately acquainted, or of the same clan. Personally, I had never felt such a complete outsider in the whole course of my existence! There was one other man who stood close to me, and who also appeared a stranger to all, and this afforded me the only crumb of comfort offered by the entire situation.

"As I stood, gazing at the diamonds, he gave me a premonitory nudge, and then addressed me in a low voice, but with elaborate courtesy:

"'I beg your pardon, but can you tell me the name of the bride?'

"'No, I cannot,' I answered shortly.

"'Then perhaps you can oblige me with the bridegroom's name?'

"'I am sorry I am unable to assist you,' I said very stiffly. I noticed that, as his eyes wandered from me to the diamonds and then back again, they wore a very suspicious expression, which began to anger me greatly. I bowed, coldly, and started to leave him.

"'But this won't do, you know,' he whispered. 'I've had my eye on you this good while—you swell cracksmen are getting too fashionable altogether; too fond of wedding parties! Where's the diamond bracelet and three stars that were taken last week at Lady Bank's reception—eh? and the two valuable rings, and the Spanish point flounce, from Mrs. Fleming's in Lancaster Gate? and, you know, you are not above a few apostles spoons, or even a pair of nut-crackers! You see I've caught you; I've had your description and photograph.'

"'What the deuce do you mean?' I asked, and I felt inclined to pitch him out of the window.

"'I mean that I'm a detective officer, of No. F Division, and that I'm going to hand you over to my men below, who will take great care of you, and escort you in a cab to Bow Street, where you will be searched and charged. Oh, we have been expecting you for some time.'

"I made a feeble and utterly futile effort to escape, but he said: 'The less trouble you give the better for you, as you know of old. You come away quietly; don't go and make a row and spoil the party,' and he gripped my arm as in a vise, and it hurt me.

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"'I say, stop,' I said. 'Here's my card,' and I tugged it out and handed it to him.

"'Mr. R. Arminger,
"'Arminger Park, Wilts.
"'The Apex Club, Pall Mall.'

"He read aloud, and then calmly remarked:

"'Oh, yes, of course! I'm up to all these little dodges. I wonder you did not take a title.'

"'But I am Mr. Arminger, I swear.'

"'Is there any one in the room who will swear to you?'

"'No one. I have come by mistake to the wrong wedding.'

"'So I should suppose,' he sneered. 'And you've made this mistake once too often.'

"Our altercation had been carried on in a window recess, and no doubt if any one noticed us at all, they supposed that we were two dear friends enjoying an animated conversation after a long separation.

"'You come quietly,' he repeated for the third time, and, as I saw no other alternative, I obeyed. As we crossed the great landing, outside the reception room, I noticed my old man of the sea, sitting on a divan. He touched me with his stick and said: 'Hullo, going already? Won't you wait and present me to the Queen or Madam Bernhardt?' But I was too furious to reply. However, my companion stooped down and whispered something, and showed him my card.

"The old fellow glanced quickly at it, then at me, and exclaimed: 'I thought I knew that nose! Why, you must be the son of Teddy Arminger, who was my fag more than fifty years ago—you are Arminger, of Arminger, eh?'

"I bowed profoundly. Apparently, I had to thank my father's nose for my liberty! The Arminger nose had a widespread celebrity, but it was the first time that its reputation had been of use to me!

"'Mr. Hook,' to the detective, 'you are quite mistaken for once. The gentleman is well-known to me. Pray resume your duty.' Then to me: 'Come here and sit by me, and tell me all about yourself.' I sat by him.

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"'You are growing more and more like your father every moment,' he chuckled; 'he always got white when he was angry. You poked fun at me, young sir, and I paid you out by bringing you here against your will. Now we are quits. Gwen, come here,' he said; 'this gentleman is Mr. Arminger; son of an old friend of mine. I give him into your custody; he wants to escape, but don't allow him to stir. I hold you responsible.'

"Miss Gwen, delightfully ignorant of my narrow escape from the custody of the policemen, in a surprisingly short time restored my good humor, not to speak of my self-respect. She conveyed me into the refreshment room, commanded me to distribute cake, presented me to the bride (her sister), and, in short, was so amusing, unaffected and light hearted, that I remained her slave for half an hour."

"Well, that was something like a surprise party!" exclaimed Captain Biggs, who had been interested to the point of silence. "And the other function?"

"Had taken place at the same church, at the same hour, on the previous day. I had made a mistake in the date; but about one thing there will be no mistake, I swear—I'll never go to another wedding as long as I live. I swear it!"

"Oh, yes, my dear Jack, you will, to your own. And here they are, grandpapa and Miss Gwen, coming back again, and grandpapa is going to stop and speak to you!"

Sir Duncan and Miss Gwen approached them in a very cordial manner; Mr. Jack introduced his friend, Captain Bigg, and the four had an animated conversation for a few moments, then Mr. Jack managed to get Miss Gwen to himself for a second or two, and she seemed happy.

This acquaintance promises to extend further than the ladies' mile, for Mr. Jack Arminger will be one of the guns on Sir Duncan's moor this season, and—who can tell the end?—London Telegraph.

Earthquake of Eighteen Eighty-three

THE STORY OF A VILLAGE SENSATION

By Josiah Allen's Wife

In Two Parts: Part I

WHEN Tom Petigrew wuz took up for stealin' money out of the till of his own uncle, Jabez Petigrew's store, you could have knocked me down with a pin-feather—or I guess you could—you could with a tail-feather anyway. Why, I wuz dumfoundered to that extent that I acted dazed and sort o' high-headed all the mornin'; I walked round with my head up in the air a-lookin' real lofty and sort o' stiff-necked. You see, the news wuz brung to our door by his cousin Jabe, old Jabez Petigrew's only son. He peddles groceries and things out of his father's store, and he come to our house real early in the mornin', and pretty nigh as soon as we let him in he disseminated the news about his cousin Tom. He seemed to feel like death about it; he sort o' cried before he got through with his story. It melted Josiah down dretfully to see a young man take on so because another young man, his own cousin, too, had got to cuttin' up. I won't say right out that he cried, but he brandished his white handkerchief round real dramatic and put it to his eyes and acted.

I never liked Jabe Petigrew somehow, and still I could never put my finger on anything in his conduct that wuz bad and ugly. He acted jest about as good and formal as if he wuz actin' from a paper pattern of goodness from day to day, and mebby that wuz what ailed me—I'd always ruther see folks act spontaneous and without patterns.

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Now, Tom wuz always gittin' into mischief when he wuz a boy. They both on 'em used to be here a sight with Thomas J., and although I used to git out of patience with Tom a dozen times a day, when he come I always liked him; and when he went hum I liked him; and between spells. While no matter how much like a pattern Jabez had acted all the time he wuz there, I didn't like him when he come, or when he went away, or between spells.

He'd always be settin' round dretful demute, with a Sunday-school book in his hand a good deal of the time, and he'd always bring the boys out in every little mischief they'd git into, and then he'd seem to be so sorry for 'em while they was a-bein scolded or whipped, as the case might be. They called him in their mad moments "sneak" and "ole tell-tale," and every other cuttin' apelation they could lay their tongue to; but he would act meek under it all, jest exactly as if he wuz a-actin' after that pattern o' hisen. And so he'd come up, always a-behavin', and always bein' disagreeable to me, till I declare for't I would take myself to do so for my onjestice that I almost felt that it would be a sort of a relief to my conscience if he had bust out and rapined or burgled a little, or suthin' to justify my blind dislike, for, as I sez to myself, for a person who has tried for years and years to be just and megum, it wuz fairly dretful to continue to dislike anybody without any cause. But I might have settled down and felt comfortable if I'd only called on to my philosophy as I'd ort to. I might have known that it wuz the real person that wuz a-speakin' to my soul with that silent, convincin' language—that still speech that sounds above all the voices of language; I might have known that nobody can hide this real self—smiles, soft words, measured steps and jesturs can't hide the real you and I.

What we are will be known and felt by those about us. Though the fine atmosphere that wraps round each individual soul hain't been mapped out yet, and we hain't got the lay of its deep, black ravines and high, sunlit meadows, yet it is there, and by some finer sense than the hull five senses we read on, the glory-kissed summits and the black depths cast their shadders on them about us. But I am indeed a-eppisodin', and to resoom.

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As I say, Tom Petigrew, no matter what he did, I liked him. He acted quite a good deal in his school days—always a-laughin' and sassy, some, but generous and truthful and honest, and I liked him the hull time and so did Thomas J. Tom and Jabez wuz both on 'em some younger than our boy, but they used to come and play with him, bein' we wuz all in the same meetin'-house, and their aunt on their pa's side, Miss Abram Miles, lived neighbor to us. Well, what should them boys do when they grew up to be young men, but both fall in love with the same girl, little Kitty Miles, the sweetest little baggage you ever see, and the fullest of fun—she wuz Mis' Miles's adopted daughter.

Mis' Miles wuz a sad Christian, a droopin' and despondent member of the M. E. Church—a good creetur as ever wuz, but she looked on life in a melancholy way—a 'sa'm tune in a minor key, instead of the full royal march to a grand future, that bigger and happier souls find it. Her soul sung mostly such tunes as "Old China," while some souls tune themselves up to "Coronation" and "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord." She couldn't help it, Mis' Miles couldn't—she wuz made so onbeknown to her. And I don't spose she could help makin' that poetry of hern. She used to make sights of it. They never seemed to want it in newspapers—bein' they would have so much on hand when she'd send it—and so she'd have 'em print it on little square pieces of paper with vines runnin' round the edge—dretful affectin', melancholy poetry it wuz. There wuzn't a death nowhere round but what she wrote a poem on it, and then she'd read it to the survivors; and I've hearn some of 'em say that it wuz almost worse than their first trouble to have to set and hear it—it wuz so affectin' and melancholy. And then she wrote on the livin', too, which always made me feel queer when she come visitin' to our house—she'd set and look at me so kinder queer when I'd be goin' round gittin' the dinner, and I thought more'n likely as not she wuz writin' a poem on me—it made me feel queer as a dog. I know she wrote one about Josiah and me; there wuz twenty-nine verses on 'em, dretful gloomy and forebodin'—I didn't git over it for weeks. It begun like this:

"If your Josiah should fall in the fire."

It depictered all out what a state I would be in if my pardner wuz took from me in such a way; but it madded Josiah. He sez, "Don't the dum fool think I know enough to keep out of the fire?"

But as I say, Mis' Miles couldn't help it, she wuz made so. She wuz naturally queer.

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But mebby it wuz because of the melancholy notes of life's march about her that made Kitty Miles break out in such gay strains, when out of the depressin' presence of Ma Miles. Her big hazel eyes wuz full and runnin' over with the joy and fullness of life; she wuz royally endowed by a nater both to enjoy and to suffer. For it is a great philosophical fact that the board that teeters up highest toward the sun will go down lowest toward the depths when it gits to goin' down. I might illustrate this further with swings, clock pendulums, etc., but bein' in suthin' of a hurry I will refrain. Yes, Kitty had had a glad good time all her life, for Mis' Miles wuz one of the best-hearted creeters in the world and fairly worshiped her; and she had had every advantage that love and money could buy, for Mis' Miles wuz very rich and Kitty wuz lawfully adopted; it wuz all hern to use now and would be entirely hern in the futer. Well, which of the two fellers wuz gittin' favored the most it wuz hard to tell. They wuz both called handsome and smart, and both wuz well-to-do, though Jabez wuz worth the most. But if she went a-ridin' with one of them to-day, to-morrow she would go out a-walkin' with the other; if she smiled warm on one of 'em durin' the mornin' service, lookin' down like a sweet angel from the quire loft, why she smiled jest as sweet on the other at evenin' meetin' or at rehearsal, for they all belonged to the quire. Yes, indeed! after Kitty jined these two young men would have jined just to be near her, and they would've tried to sing if they had had the voices of frogs and ginny-hens.

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But they hadn't, no, indeed! Tom had a strong, sweet tenor voice that jined in first-rate with Kitty's clear sulfereno. As for Jabe, he had a dretful heavy bass voice, most too heavy, about as heavy as a bass viol or trombone. Well, matters had gone on this way for more'n a year, these two fellers a-follerin' her and growin' more and more desperate in love with her every day, and she as sweet and bright as a June mornin', a-sheddin smiles and sunshine on both on 'em. But Mis' Miles openly favored Jabe—yes, he got round her by actin' melancholy with her and by admirin' her poetry, and she wrote one or two poems on Jabez, so I hearn. And he admired 'em dretfully, and bein' so used to actin' by a cut-out pattern, he could sink down into despondency jest as she did, and it wuz down there in the depths of gloom, so it wuz spozed, that he won her affection.

Tom laughed when he ortn't to when she would be a-relatin' her dolorous experiences—he would ketch Kitty's glowin' eye and some spark would fly out of each one on 'em that would sort of explode and go off in light laughter. Kitty, Mis' Miles could forgive for love's sake, but no outsiders could lightly view her gloomy fancies or smile at her poetry; no indeed! Tom wuzn't irreverent or disrespectful—no, he would respect her for Kitty's sake if for no other. But the same sperit of mischief that led him on to ride our old turkey gobbler at ten years of age, and climb telegraph poles, still held up that blazin' torch to show Tom the

comical side of everything, and he had to see it, and sometimes the laughter that wuz in his soul and dark blue eyes had to break out and bubble over his lips.

And Mis' Miles wuzn't reasonable about her poetry and about other things. If she is a sister in the meetin'-house I must say it; she no need to worry ten years after her pardner's death because folks called him spleeny and didn't think he wuz sick. Why, that tombstone down in the meetin'-house yard shows that he wuz sick, and it proves that he wuz, and she no need to worry because folks thought mebby she'd marry agin. I knew there wuzn't no need of it if she held firm; and more'n half of the sisters in the meetin'-house would jine me in sayin' she wuzn't in any danger from matrimony; she wuz dretfully homely. But she would set and worry for hours and bring up what might happen if she didn't marry, and what would likely be if she did gin in and marry.

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She said, with tears in her eyes, she'd "ruther die than marry," but she didn't know what would happen, this is such a world of changes. And so it would go on about big and little things. She'd worry because the hens didn't lay, and think it wuz a judgment on her; and if they did sprunt up and lay profuse, she'd worry for fear it wuz too much for 'em. And then if she happened to have oncommon good luck with cookin' she'd worry for fear she wuz goin' to have some bad luck to offset it. And then she'd worry about the unpardonable sin, and sizm; she worried a sight about sizm. And along after Kitty had had these two fellers a-trailin' after her for a year, she'd worry for fear Kitty would marry Tom. But Kitty would laugh and toss her gold brown curly head and not tell what wuz or wuzn't in her mind about them two fellers. I spose she kinder enjoyed havin' 'em both at her beck and call—I spose she did. She wuz a woman.

I declare, though I kep' a smooth face on the outside, I kinder worried about it myself, and wondered which she would take. I felt like death at the idea of her marryin' Jabez—of havin' her bright young life set to that dull, cold nater—like a light, lilting morning anthem set to a dead march. And all my sympathies and all my hopes, every single one on 'em, wuz on Tom's side. For I had seen, in ongarded moments, such a shadder come over his deep, honest eyes as can only be caused by life's deepest joy and its keenest agony. It would be when Kitty would be smilin' her sweetest on Jabe. But Tom would remember himself in a minute, and order them skeletons of hisen down into the dungeon he kep' 'em in—we all have to let 'em out for a minute or two at a time, or I guess they would bust the walls we rare up round 'em.

Well, so it run along, Jabe a-sufferin', too, I honestly spose, for he didn't know no more'n I did (so I spose) which one she favored most, till all of a sudden the news bust on to us like a cyclone out of a clear sky, or a thunderstorm right out of my dish-pan or my wash-tub.

Tom Petigrew had stole five hundred dollars out of his uncle's store. He wuz clerk there while Jabe wuz on the road with a team a-peddlin' the contents of the store and a-gatherin' up eggs, rags, etc., etc. Tom Petigrew steal! I sez to myself when I hearn of it, and I sez it out loud to Jabe. "I don't believe it no more'n I believe the Methodist steeple has clumb down the ruff and jumped off and is payin' attention to Mis' Miles."

I wuz most sorry that I'd mentioned Mis' Miles's name, for such a queer look come over Jabe's face as I sez it, and he sez:

"Oh, what a blow this will be to Kitty and to Sister Miles! How sorry I am!"

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And I sez, "Sister Miles is so melancholy; no knowin' what she will believe or won't, but Kitty won't believe it no more than I do. I know she won't."

He looked queer at that, and sez he, "It wuz a fearful sight to me to see the handcuffs put on to him, and he led away to jail."

"Oh, dear suz!" sez I, a-settin' down and droppin' my hands in my lap, "I'm clean used up. I see the moon over my left shoulder last night, and I expected trouble, but not such a blow as this," sez I.

"I see the moon right in front of me," sez he. He wuz dretful superstitious, always seein' signs and a-quakin' at 'em—all broke up if he see anything that he called a bad sign.

I am not superstitious, not a mite—I scorn such ignorance, yet at the same time I'd ruther see the new moon over my right shoulder, a good deal.

"Yes," sez he, a-lookin' troubled, "I see the new moon jest as I riz the Loontown hill last night, and it shone full in my face."

"Well," sez I, in glad axents, "that is a sure sign you are goin' to have a fall, a great fall."

He looked as if he'd cry, and my carnal nater wuz glad on't. I never liked him and I never shall, and I remembered as I sot and looked at him what his mother had told me—how from a boy Jabe had been as 'fraid of signs and omens as any old grandma. How he cried and took on when the comet blazed, and folks prophesied the last day. And how that yeller day of 1881 skairt him most to death. So I took comfort in sayin' out loud:

"Yes, no doubt you will git a severe fall durin' this moon. It's a real sure sign."

Well, pretty soon Josiah come in and tackled him to tell the petickulars, which he seemed oncommon willin' to do.

It seemed that little sums of money had been missin' from time to time, but his pa hadn't said nothin' about it, thinkin' mebby some mistake had been made. But last night the safe had been found open, and five hundred dollars which wuz in it wuz gone. "And what wuz worse," sez he, a-droppin' his eyes for a minute as I looked him full in the face, "what wuz worse, the hull of the money, except five dollars of it, wuz found in Tom's trunk." His face looked queer, but he covered it up with his white handkerchief and pretended to cry a little. I presume that wuz the way it wuz down in that pattern of hisen concernin' conduct when relatives wuz took up. But it made me out of patience, and I spoke right up and sez agin:

"Well, I don't believe Tom ever stole anything no more than I believe I did."

But Josiah sez, "We have got to gin up, Samantha, before such proof as that, but," sez Josiah (that noble-minded but small-sized man), sez he, "I'd ruther had the sheriff pick out the best Jersey in my herd and driv it off than to have had him take Tom Petigrew." And Jabez waved that handkerchief of his agin, and sez he:

"It is a dretful thing, and it will reflect on the meetin'-house so, and the quire—I don't see," sez he, "how we in the quire are a-goin' to look up and face anybody agin."

"Why," sez I, "do it as you always have!" I couldn't seem to bear a word from him.

"It hain't a-goin' to hurt you and the rest of the quire; every one has got to answer for his own conscience," sez I.

Sez Jabez, "Tom was goin' to sing alone next Sunday, or that is, he and Kitty wuz a-goin to sing a piece alone."

Sez Josiah, "I never cared much for silo singin'."

Sez I, a-nudgin' him, "You mean solo, Josiah."

"Well, I said silo, didn't I?"

He was real snappish and I gin up convincin' him.

"I hearn 'em a practicin' last night when I come by Mis' Miles's, and I noticed how sweet their voices sounded," sez I; "they wuz just a-singin' these lines:

"'There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,'

and I believe," sez I, "that that mercy, wider and deeper than we can fathom, will surround poor Tom Petigrew and make his innocence known."

"Innocence!" sez Jabez, a-takin' that handkerchief down kinder sudden, and I see his eyes wuz as dry as a mullen stalk in a drouth. "Why," sez he, "it has been proved that he wuz guilty!"

"Not to me!" sez I, a-holdin' my head up and mebby tostin' it a very little, for I felt jest as curious as a dog, and curiouser; but I felt just as sure that Tom wuzn't guilty as I ever wuz that I couldn't like Jabez, though everything wuz agin me in both on 'em. "Not to me!"

"Yes," sez Josiah, and there wuz a mournful droop in that good creeter's voice as he said it, "we shall have to give it up, Samantha; and I loved that boy," sez he, "I loved him next to my own son!"

Jabe didn't seem to relish our talk, and that pattern of hisen kinder slipped off a minute, I guess, for I see a dretful mean and triumphant look come over his face like the shadder of a thunder-cloud over a dry paster. And sez he:

"It will be a dretful shock to Kitty Miles."

"Not if she feels like me," sez I, a-tostin' my head a little higher. "I wuzn't goin' to crumple down before that critter anyway. "If she is any like me she will think as much agin of him now he is unjustly accused—I do," sez I nobly.

Josiah shook his head at me in a dejected shake, and Jabez got up and said that he must be goin', and mekanically Josiah took down his plantin' bag and follered him outdoors and left me meditatin'.

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Well, I sot there alone and didn't seem to sense a thing that wuz a-goin' on round me. My dishwater got cold as cold could be, and the cat jumped up on to the buttery shelf after the brook trout that lay there in a pan of water a-waitin' for dinner. And though I did remove the red speckled beauty out of the cat's ruthless ambition up to a higher shelf, I did it mekanically and with no sense of it. And then, instead of goin' to washin' my dishes agin, or heatin' over the water or doin' anythin' sensible, I jest dropped down into my rockin' chair agin and groaned and sithed, and sithed and groaned. Well, I guess I might have been on my seventh or eighth groan, you can't keep a clost account in such a time as that, when sunthin' like a white cloud come a-sweepin' through the door, acrost the room, and wuz throwed at my feet. It wuz Kitty Miles in her white mornin' wrapper, and her gold brown hair all loose and curly round the nape of her white neck as she buried her face in the folds of my green gingham apron and cried out, pitiful like:

"Don't tell me you think he is guilty! Don't tell me so! Give me some comfort!"

"Why, Kitty Miles!" sez I, "don't you cry so; you hush right up and tell Aunt Samantha all about it." And my hand rested on her head tenderer and lovin'er than any hand, I'll bet, had ever rested there sence her dyin' ma bessed her and gin her into the hands of her Lord. "Tell me all about it," sez I, a-smoothin' back the curly hair with a dretful soothin' movement. Why, I never begun to love her as I did at that minute, and I had loved her stiddy every day for eighteen years. Then she sez agin:

"Tell me you don't think Tom is guilty! Tom Petigrew steal!" sez she, a-liftin' her bright face where the indignant blood in her pretty cheek had almost dried up the streamin' tears. "Tom steal! Why, I would pledge my life on his honesty and honor!"

"So would I!" sez I stoutly, "and Josiah's life and the children's," and I wuz jest a-goin' to put in the grandchildren's lives, but I couldn't, for Kitty jest hugged me and kissed the words right often my lips. I wuz almost choked.

Well, after a minute or two we sot down and tried to talk the matter over calmly, or as calm as we could with our hearts jest a-achin' with love and sympathy for poor Tom. Yes, Kitty didn't make no secret to me of the truth—she loved Tom with the first fresh love of her life, the love that can never be forgotten, no matter how many changes may come—a love that a man remembers with another woman who is his wife asleep in his arms in a lonesome, rainy midnight; and a love that a woman remembers when the children of another man is held clost to her heart. And they may love these different pardners—I hain't a doubt on't, but it is different—different. The diamond has to be cut and backed at before the brightness is revealed, the rough gold melted in a furnace to show its fineness. I guess Kitty had mistrusted for some time—I guess she had, but to day she knew it for a truth—that she loved Tom. Well, I had kep' on a-lovin' him for over twenty years, a different love from hern, but a good, sound, well-seasoned one. And there we sot and talked, and talked, and laid on plans, and then got offen 'em, and then laid on others, and so we kep' it up for hours and hours. Why, my dinner wuz most half an hour late, and Josiah wuz wildly fraxious; but acrost that seen I will draw a thick veil of total silence. But whatever course our thoughts took, and they took every p'int of the compas that wuz ever hearn on, and more than I ever thought there wuz, but every time they would come back from them p'ints to this startin' place: The money had been stole, it wuz found in Tom's trunk, and Tom wuz locked up in jail.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

When Niagara Falls Ran Dry

THE APPALLING SILENCE OF A SINGLE DAY

AT FIVE o'clock on the morning of March 31, 1848, just fifty years ago, said an old resident of Western New York, I awoke with a sense of something exceedingly strange oppressing me. I was born twenty-five years before, with the roar of Niagara Falls in my ears, and had lived ever since then within a mile of the thundering cataract. When I awoke that morning, oppressed by that strange feeling, it was some time before I discovered that it was caused by the unmistakable and astounding fact that the rumble and roar of Niagara were gone.

When I realized this my first thought was that I had become deaf during the night, but the ticking of a clock that I heard distinctly in an adjoining room proved that my hearing was all right. The tumult of Niagara was stilled, nevertheless, and the unwonted silence was something appalling.

Certain that some unheard-of catastrophe must be impending, I sprang out of bed, dressed hurriedly, and ran from the house. Early as it was, I found scores of people had been awakened, as I had been, and were hurrying pell-mell toward the Falls to learn what was the cause of the alarming quietude. It was soon learned, and a sight was witnessed at the Falls of Niagara such as had never been seen before, at least by people then on earth, and it is not within the bounds of probability that such a sight will ever be witnessed again. Where had been the river, that for untold ages had rushed impetuously on to form that stupendous cataract, there was but a naked bed of jagged, black and slimy rocks, and the precipice, over which it had hurled its mighty volume of thundering and raging waters for all those ages, was bare from shore to shore! Niagara was dry, or so nearly so that the water that struggled over the great wall of rock was as but the tinkle of a mountain brook where the roar of that awful cataract had been.

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The American channel of the river had dwindled to the dimensions of a creek that one might easily step over, and the water that still ran in the British channel resembled some inland river affected by a severe August drought. Goat Island, as the water had shrunk from every side of it, was left a wide expanse of ragged, savage-looking rocks which no eye, so far as the record was, had ever seen before. The bed of the Canadian Rapids, far out into the stream, was dry, as was the space between the lower end of Goat Island and out beyond the Tower, that well-remembered old landmark, long since gone.

The rocks thus exposed were black and forbidding, giving the dry river-bed the appearance of a tract of timber through which fire had swept, leaving only a myriad of charred stumps standing. The Three Sisters looked forlorn in their enhanced dimensions. The great jet of water which had, from time out of mind, leaped into the air from the snarling rapids south of these islands, and is leaping there to-day, was not leaping that morning, and there was not enough left of the rapids to snarl.

People from the Canada side walked along the edge of the precipice, where only the day before a thousand-ton wall could not have sustained itself against the rush of waters, and made their way easily nearly to Goat Island on the American side without wetting their feet. The water in the river below the Falls had, of course, shrunk in proportion, being no longer fed from above, revealing an array of irregular, pinnacled rocks that gave spectators, for the first time, an idea of the hidden perils many of them had braved scores of times as passengers on the little Maid of the Mist, the famous little vessel that daily forced its way, over those threatening rocks, to the foot of the Falls.

The entire scene was at once desolate, strange, and awful to contemplate. Ignorant of the cause of this incredible phenomenon, the people were filled with alarm and apprehension as to its meaning. Nevertheless, they could not refrain from swarming over the dry bed of the river and about the great bared precipice itself, exploring caves, dark recesses, curious formations in the rocks, and other remarkable features of the cataract and rapids, the existence of which they had never dreamed of, and which no mortal eye had, perhaps, ever gazed on before. A number of ancient gun-barrels were found among the rocks of the river-bed above the rapids. Thomas C. Streeter, who had a grist mill on the Canada side of the river, drove with a horse and wagon across nearly to Goat Island, and a man named Holly drove with a buggy from the head of Goat Island clear to the spot where the leaping jet of water had always writhed and foamed. He, also, cut several sticks of timber near the head of the Horseshoe Falls, had them hewed there, and hauled them away with four horses.

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This extraordinary condition of affairs at Niagara continued all day, and there was no sign of a change when the disturbed people, weary of waiting for one, went to bed late that night. When we awoke the next morning, however, the old familiar thunder of the Falls was shaking the earth as before, and the river and rapids were again the seething, whirling, irresistible torrent as of old. Then we learned what had made Niagara run dry.

The winter of 1848 had been one of the coldest on record. Such ice had never been known there, I guess, as formed on Lake Erie that season. The break-up came earlier than usual, though. Toward the end of March a stiff northeasterly wind came up, and its force was so great that it moved the great fields of ice, then entirely separated from the shores, up the lake, piling the floes in great banks as they moved. Toward night on March 30 the wind changed suddenly to the opposite quarter and became a tremendous gale.

The lake's surface was packed with miniature icebergs, and those were hurled back by the storm with such force that a great dam was formed by them at the head of Niagara River. This dam was, for the time, so impregnable and complete that the current of water that finds its way from the lake in the rushing channel of that river, to be at last dashed over the gigantic precipice at the Falls of Niagara, was held in check, and only a very small portion of its usual volume could find a passage through the great pack of ice. Consequently it was not long before the river above the Falls was drained of its supply, and, as the ice dam was strong and stubborn and held its place, by the time the morning of the 31st came the stream was virtually exhausted, and for twenty-four hours the thunderous voice of Niagara was hushed. Some time during the night of the 31st, or the early morning of April 1, the ice pack gave way under the great pressure from above, and the long-restrained volume of water rushed down and reclaimed its own. We, who had lived there all our lives, were glad to once more hear the welcome sound of the rushing waters, for we could not bear the silence of our Great Niagara.—New York Sun.

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Troubles that Never Materialize

MOST people, when they come to think of it, will be surprised to find out how large a portion of their troubles are purely imaginary, says the Watchman. We keep forecasting all sorts of possibilities, making all sorts of combinations that will work out disaster, and before we know it we have come to believe that some one of these will conform to the facts, and we worry over the imaginary issue as though it had really come to pass. It is not certain that anything but experience will relieve people from the pains of these imaginary troubles. They have to learn that they cannot forecast the future, and that, as a rule, it is the unexpected that happens. By-and-by, after a sufficient number of experiences of this kind, common-sense comes to the rescue, and they learn the futility of worrying about anything that has not come to pass.

It is not your stolid and rather stupid man who is the victim of these agonies. Bless you, he has not imagination to project himself a day ahead, or to believe anything that he cannot see or touch or eat; but it is the fine-grained, sensitive, intuitive spirit that is subject to these tortures. It is the penalty of a high endowment; but that is no reason why common-sense should not come to the rescue and deliver these choice spirits from the defects of their own qualities.

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Art that Emigrates

IN THE statement that a young French artist, who won a prize of two thousand dollars, spent his money in a trip to Abyssinia, from which he has recently returned with a portrait of Menelek to exhibit in the Salon, is well exemplified much of the falsity of the modern attitude toward art, says the Boston Herald. If this blending of the curious and sensational pertained to the popular sentiment alone, it would not seem so deplorable. But it goes deeper. Students, and persons whose technical training and accomplishments would seem to warrant their assumption of the title of artist, take also this self-conscious view of their relation to their profession. They feel that it is necessary to attract the public eye, and they pose, grimace and talk much of their art. They feel that it is requisite to explain it and themselves.

How different the true artist? The one has chosen his profession; the other has been chosen. The false artist must go to Khamschatka or Timbuctoo to find the beautiful, the strangely beautiful, and the unique. The true artist is filled with a sense of the magnitude and infinite variety of the beauty that he sees about him every day. The false artist seems filled with the gratification at his own achievement. The true artist looks ever to the new effort, with the hope of gaining a surer grasp of the mental vision which entrances him. The self-styled artist has learned a trade, and he employs his manual dexterity without fear and without inspiration, but he accomplishes a great deal in the way of dramatic and pecuniary success, perhaps, and he believes that Art owes him much. The true artist works quietly, steadily, devotedly, happy always in anticipation, miserable only in realization, and finding life all too short to picture the dreams that crowd upon his imagination; and Art is the twin god in his idolatry with Nature. He lives for them—alone.

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Preserving Our Forests

THROUGH the exertions of Mr. Abbott Kinney, the officers of the American Forestry Congress have accepted an invitation to hold a summer session in California, probably in the Yosemite Valley, says the San Francisco Call. The application of the principles of forestry to the preservation of our forest lands has had the West for its field. Immense reservations of the public domain have been made west of the Missouri River, and, frequently, great popular discontent has arisen from denial of the right of free commons on the timber land of the Government within such reservations. Perhaps there is hardly any other object of governmental concern of more importance than preservation of the forest-producing capacity of timber tracts. As presented to our people, however, in the reservations already made, it appears simply as a denial to them of the commercial use of the forests. Hence they have learned to decry the whole plan. Forestry, however, does not imply denial of the right to harvest timber, like any other crop, when it is ripe and ready. It means that all timber of commercial dimension, and under, shall not be wastefully sacrificed in the harvest.

The process of eliminating a forest may be slow, but its restoration is slower. When the groves are destroyed the soil is washed away because no longer retained in place by the web of roots and fibres, and the surface, once humid and shaded, is exposed to direct evaporation. The conditions of reforestation present problems that are very costly. European Governments are now spending hundreds of millions in terracing mountain slopes to hold soil enough in which to plant seeds and nursery stock of trees, which often have to be irrigated or artificially shaded while they get a footing. Eastern forests are rapidly disappearing. The pine lands of the northern peninsula of Michigan and of Wisconsin and parts of Minnesota were sandy soils, covered with a light loam produced by the decaying duff. When stripped of their large timber, these lands were usually ravaged by fire, which destroyed the young growth and burned the light top stratum. They are now bare, sandy stretches. Dendrologists, under State patronage, are trying to set them in the Norway sand-grass that has been so effective in holding the dunes in Golden Gate Park, but scores of years must go by before they will support any considerable forest growth. The region which drew its lumber supply from these spent forests must, very soon, look to the Pacific coast for its supply of first-class lumber. If we learn in time how to harvest our lumber and at the same time preserve our forests, we have in them a mine of permanent wealth beyond computation. The quality of rapid growth will make our Western coast the source of supply, not only for our own country, but for the greater part of Europe. Preservation is most essential.

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Superiority of Our Locomotives

THE Government of Egypt has ordered fifteen locomotives of American make to be used on the State roads of the country, says the Chicago News. It is a little strange that Egypt, which is practically an English dependency, should come to the United States for machinery of this character, when it is made in England in large quantities for exportation. But, unless one keeps some run of our export trade, the fact is not appreciated that American machinery, of all kinds, is more popular in foreign markets than that made by any other nation on earth. China, Japan, India, Russia and Finland use American-built locomotives, and now Egypt follows their lead. In 1896 this country exported two hundred and sixty-one railway engines. Last year our exportations of locomotives reached, in number, three hundred and thirty-eight. This trade has grown up since 1880, and was small even as late as 1888, when we exported only fifty-six.

The peculiar feature of this trade is that it is with countries almost all of which have large iron interests that they are cultivating, and besides, they have manufactories that turn out guns, cutlery and railroad supplies of great variety and excellence. In many kinds of iron manufacture this country is far behind Russia, and the bits of statuary cast from iron and exhibited by that country at the World's Fair, in the Mines and Mining Building, excited the admiration of every one who saw them. But when it comes to machinery to be used on railroads, Russia comes to the United States for it. There has been a good deal of rivalry between the British and American builders of locomotives, the former claiming the advantage both in speed and durability. But we have now beaten the Englishman in the matter of speed, and the running of the engines of the two nations side by side on the same road has demonstrated the greater durability of the American machine, while its cost is not so great as that of the British locomotive.

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The Paradox of Klondike Gold

ESTIMATES of the drift of travel to the Klondike the coming season differ widely, says the Chicago Chronicle. But all agree that the number going to the gold fields will be enormous. Sir William Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific railroad, says that the gold-seekers, traders, and other adventurers going to the Yukon this year will be not less than 200,000 or 300,000. Others place the number at from 70,000 to 100,000. It does not seem as if transportation could be provided for the immense multitude which Van Horne names.

He also estimates that each person going to the gold fields will carry one thousand dollars in money or merchandise. He means this as the average. Some will go with but little. Others will carry large amounts of money for investment, and stocks of goods for sale. If his judgment is anywhere near accurate, at least $200,000,000 in cash and merchandise will go to the Klondike country within the next few months. This is a far greater amount of value than will be brought out of the Klondike region in gold produced there for the next ten years.

The reports of treasure coming from the Klondike during the season must be accepted in view of the amount of cash and goods that has gone in there. Money will go to be used in the purchase of nuggets and dust. The nuggets and dust will be shipped out, and the amount will be heralded as proof of the wealth of the gold fields. The fact is, that the amount of the profit on the purchase of the product of the mines is all that can be credited to Klondike. Less this profit, as much gold went in as came out.

It is a little different, but not much different, with stocks of goods sent there for sale. At first it might be supposed that all the proceeds from the sales of merchandise going into the country would consist of gold produced there. But such will not be the case. In large part the goods will be sold to those who carried money to the country or who obtained it from those who carried it there. The profits of exchanges will figure largely in the gold returns. If the estimates as to the number of people going to the Klondike, and the amount of money that they will carry, are nearly correct, time will show that more gold goes in than comes out. There cannot be dug out from the frozen and glazier-covered ground of the Yukon Valley as much wealth as will be expended to procure it.

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Petty Politicians in Congress

CONGRESS has been said to be "the assembled wisdom of the nation," says the Public Ledger. It is true that this designation of the law-makers of the republic was formulated and proclaimed many years ago, at a time when high character, unquestioned and unquestionable reputation, unselfish patriotism, and loyalty to pure political ideals, wisdom, learning and civic worth, dignity and decorum, were the distinguishing characteristics of a majority of our Senators and Representatives.

There is a common belief that such distinction cannot now be claimed for the American Congress; that, in respect to its personnel, it has seriously deteriorated; that selfish, untutored, unmannered politicians and demagogues have taken too generally the places of the earlier-day statesmen and patriots—demagogues and politicians who find "the many's plaudits" • • • more sweet than wisdom, "and who hold Opinion's wind for Law."

This too popular belief may be erroneously entertained, injustice being done by it to Congress. The Ledger cannot decide whether this be true or false; it can only refer to the recent disgraceful scenes in which certain Congressmen participated, which the public itself can consider, and so determine what value it has as proof for or against the impression that Congress does not now maintain its earlier high standard of wisdom, patriotism and dignity.

It is more than discouraging—it is humiliating, to consider that at a time of such serious peril to peace; that at a time when the gravest interests of the country are to be discussed and acted upon; at a time when the situation requires the exercise of the highest qualities of statesmanship and patriotism, our Congress shows no more of any of these qualities than might be looked for in an assemblage of precinct politicians. The so-called debate, to which we refer, lacked everything which indicates sincerity, dignity, courtesy, wisdom, or respect for whatever is essential, desirable or commendable in a deliberative council. It is depressing to think that upon men like these has been conferred the power to decide the great question of peace or war; that to them are intrusted the honor and dignity of the country and the welfare of her subjects.

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A Spirit Which Wins Victories

NEW and more destructive weapons of warfare may continue to be invented, but after all it is the man that counts in battle, says the Commercial Advertiser. No better illustration of this has lately been furnished than the dashing charge of the Anglo-Egyptian forces at Athara. In face of a merciless storm of shot from a hidden foe, British, Egyptian and Soudanese vied in intrepid emulation to be first in the attack. It is this spirit which wins victories, and the ingenuity of man will never be able to find a substitute for it. It has been so from the beginning of martial conflict, and it will continue to be so until the battleflag is forever furled. The Mahdist will go down in defeat in the present campaign, just as did Chinese in the struggle with Japanese, because the inferior man must yield to the superior.

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Is Modern Education Aimless?

IT IS curious and very significant that, though Dr. Felix Adler represents no definite form of religion (in a recent lecture), he traces the mischief in our education to the dropping out of use in schools and colleges of the old-fashioned motive and sanction of religion, says the Christian Register. Is it true that modern education is specially aimless? At first sight, one might answer, Yes. Thousands graduate from the colleges every year, with at least a superficial acquaintance with more subjects than our forefathers dreamed of. Many of these young men and women propose to earn their living by the practice of some profession for which they have fitted themselves. Yet how many of all these thousands have a clear conception of what life itself is for, or why it is worth while to earn a living? It surely looks as if the average educated man pursues learning mainly for selfish or personal ends. How few are educating themselves with reference to any great single and common aim!

What reason, however, have we to believe that the education of earlier men was any more aimful than ours? Take a period when men are supposed to have been extremely religious—the most credulous century before the Reformation. People were mostly busy in church and State, to get power, place, preferment and wealth. The most religious education was compatible with the most selfish ambitions, or with a life of sloth and luxury. The truth seems to be, that education, instead of being more aimless than ever, is coming to demand of men higher ideals. Childish men might, indeed, repeat *pater nosters*, and hardly ask the question what they were living for. Immature minds might accept education as a matter of course. But, as soon as men begin to be grown men, the inevitable questions of philosophy and religion force themselves upon the attention anew. These questions, once the problems of the few, seem, in our age, to be arresting the thought of the many.

It is now, in our time, that the brightest intellects are investigating religion on their own account; and while in many cases their views do not meet with those of the majority, they certainly elevate the investigators. It is a certain fact that the persons who interest themselves in philosophy and religion are sure to belong to the class who seek self-improvement by philosophical research.

If modern education is aimless, it is a good sign that we are finding out the truth. The world, which has been largely repeating its religion by note, without understanding its lesson, is beginning to catch a gleam of the meaning of its good words. We will clasp with a firm grip the honest hands of our ethical friends with their gospel of "social service." Let us say that we conceive the end of all education to consist in showing that we live in a universe, and in fitting us to live as its citizens. Is there any better working theory for an all-around education than this, or is there any more clearly philosophical word to be said about it, or is there anything that promises to work better in practice? How shall we get this aim before the minds of all our youth? There are still those who imagine that we must capture our youth for an occasional hour, and have them read the Bible or recite the words of a creed. This is as if you were to try to make poets by teaching the rules of sanction. The result of a large part of so-called religious education is, that the people who have passed through it do not know religion when they see it, as the Athenians did not recognize Socrates and the Pharisees did not know Jesus.

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England Governed by Her Elite

MR. SIDNEY LOW, in the Forum, makes out a strong case to show that political power in Great Britain rests in the Cabinet, rather than, as is popularly supposed, in Parliament, and that the kingdom is practically ruled by an oligarchy made up of a limited number of persons of birth, wealth and social influence, says the Commercial Advertiser. With regard to the Cabinet it is easy to see why, although theoretically a creature of Parliament, it should exercise an immense influence over that body.

Mr. Low is inclined to ascribe this influence to the fact that "an English Premier has a whip hand over followers inclined to mutiny, by threatening them with dissolution," something the average Commoner does not court, as it means not only possible loss of his seat, but, if ambitious to be returned, the expense and annoyance attending another election. But there is still another reason, and one equally potent. The Cabinet not only formulates Government policies, but consists of political leaders schooled and disciplined in the art of governing, to whose judgment the rank and file in Parliament are compelled by circumstances to defer. It is a good deal like the deference shown to the Commander of a ship or an army. Disposition to mutiny may exist, but the mutineers have no confidence in their ability to command.

It is undoubtedly true that there is a governing class in Great Britain, made up chiefly of persons of birth, wealth and social influence, and this is as true substantially of the Liberals as of the Conservatives. Now and then a manufacturer like Mr. Chamberlain, or a lawyer like Mr. Asquith, men of exceptional gifts for political leadership and statecraft, succeed in reaching Cabinet stations, but long before that time arrives they have assimilated with the governing class. The existence of such a class, however, does not imply want of popular legislation and rule. In a democracy, such as Great Britain really is, it implies rather popular satisfaction with Government domination of class. It is proof that administration and legislation are controlled for the people, the masses of Great Britain, and this is borne out by the freedom of British Government from political scandal and corruption, and the readiness with which the Government responds to British sentiment. A governing class would be out of place in the United States, but in the United Kingdom it plainly serves a useful purpose without imperiling popular liberty and rights.

When the Enemy is Sighted

HOW OUR BATTLE-SHIPS PREPARE FOR ACTION

By R. G. Skerrett

THE battle-ship in action is not an altogether untried factor in modern warfare. We know something of its disastrous powers in the hands of Chinese, hampered as they were by tampered ammunition and other consequences of official peculation. But just what to expect of a strictly modern battle-ship, in the hands of either Europeans or efficient Americans, is something too momentous to predict, says this writer, in the Boston Herald. As the most formidable example of our commissioned battleships, let us see how we have prepared the Iowa to give and take, and try to follow in part what might reasonably be expected of her, and, in fact, of any of our battle-ships of which she is the representative, in action.

Clothed in her peace-time dress of white paint, one scarcely imagines her to be a massive steel structure of something over twelve thousand tons, so lightly does she seem to rest upon the water; and clothed in her war-time garb of ghostly gray she would be even more delusive. But as she lies unmoved upon that white-capped sea that makes her smaller neighbors toss, then her ponderous might is realized. Think of the force within that must be generated to make her move along against wind and tide at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, and then try, if possible, to picture the blow that would fall upon the craft so unlucky as to lie across her swiftly rushing course.

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The Iowa is really a fortress three hundred and sixty feet long, a trifle over seventy-two feet wide, and, omitting her smokestacks and bridges, is fifty feet tall from her keel up to the top of her superstructure amidships. Laden for sea, half of this body lies below the water-line. That she may be comparatively insensitive to moderate injury below water, she has a double or inner bottom, reaching from the keel up to a short distance below the load line; and the space between these two skins, so to speak, is minutely subdivided into numerous water-tight compartments to further localize any injury. For a distance of quite two-thirds her total length she is girded by a broad band of heavy armor seven and one-half feet wide—about equally divided above and below the water-line.

Along the sides, amidships, for one hundred and eighty-five feet, this belt is fourteen inches thick, and proof against all but the heaviest of an enemy's shells at very close range. The outboard ends of this girdle then turn inboard at a sharp angle, and terminate on the centre-line, where they form the main support for the ponderous barbettes that shelter the vital mechanisms of the big twelve-inch guns. This formation results in a massive hexagonal bulwark of hardened steel, which presents a well-nigh invulnerable front to shot or shell from any point off the bow, the stern, or either of the sides. On this six-sided wall is laid the middle portion of the protective deck, two and three-quarter inches thick, which houses over the vitals of the craft.

Below this deck, behind many feet of sheltering coal, so wisely is her supply of 1800 tons distributed, and beneath the water, lie her engines, her boilers, and her three hundred and seventy tons of ammunition that await the coming of a foeman. From the lower edges of the armor belt inboard, the protective deck, slightly thicker, runs forward and aft to the ends, and forms, at the bow, the spine for the ponderous ram which lies just enough below the water line to gore an enemy where he is weakest.

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For a distance of ninety feet amidships, and to a height of seven feet above the heavy water-line belt, the sides are of armor five inches thick; and it is from behind the protecting shelter of this steel wall that the two torpedo tubes on each side are worked. The ends of this thinner belt also turn slantingly inboard and athwartships, and terminate likewise against the barbettes for the twelve-inch guns. Forward and abaft this lighter armor, the sides are reinforced by a broad band of corn-pith cellulose, which will swell and automatically plug all shot-holes admitting water.

The whole interior of the craft is cut up into something like one hundred and forty water-tight compartments; and powerful pumps of great capacity stand ready to avert the consequences of accident or leak. Woodwork is grudgingly allowed, ground cork and white paint standing instead for appearances and healthfulness, and such as is present, from the seaman's ditty-box to the Admiral's easy chair, is fire-proofed by a process of tried efficiency. The fewest possible passages are cut through the protective deck; and, with the exceptions of the air-passages to the engine-rooms and fire-rooms, and the uptakes for the smokestacks, are covered by heavy armored gratings to keep out shell; the rest of the openings are closed with solid coverings as heavy as the neighboring deck, or even more heavy.

Heavy water-tight doors seal the passages between neighboring compartments, and they offer a reasonable impediment to unnecessary intercommunication. Electric alarms guard against fire and the dangerous admission of water; and a steam steering-gear, way aft and below the protective deck, controls the ship, safe from the reach of a foeman's shot.

The main battery consists of four twelve-inch and eight eight-inch rifles of great power. A secondary force of six four-inch and twenty six-pounder rapid-fire guns will guard against the approach of torpedo craft, and sweep destructively the exposed positions and lightly armored parts of an enemy's deck.

The twelve-inch guns are mounted in two massive turrets of fifteen-inch Harveyized armor, the defensive equivalent of quite twenty inches of normal nickel steel. These turrets revolve within barbettes of great columns of like material and thickness, arising bodily from the protective deck below. Within this great tube of hardened steel rest the foundations for the turrets and the mechanisms vital to the management of the turrets and the guns; and up through this passage are brought the powder and shot from the magazines and shell-rooms, way below.

Each of these guns weighs forty-five tons as it rests on its carriage, has a total length of thirty-eight feet, and a greatest diameter of nearly four feet, at the breech. The bore is rifled with forty-eight twisting grooves that bite into the copper band on the base of the projectiles, and give them that rapid rotation so essential to accuracy of flight and high power of penetration. With an impulse of four hundred and thirty pounds of powder, the eight-hundred-and-fifty-pound shot of hardened steel goes speeding on its mission of destruction with an initial velocity of twenty-one hundred feet a second, the equivalent of something over fourteen hundred miles an hour—an incomparable speed.

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With the greatest elevation permitted by the turret ports—*i. e.*, fifteen degrees—each of these guns has an accurate range of five and one-half miles. Bombarding a city from that distance, the shot would reach its destination three whole seconds in advance of the sound of the discharge that sent it. At the muzzle, one of these guns could send an armor-piercing shot right through twenty-four inches of solid steel, and a mile and a half away the same kind of shot would go through nineteen inches of the same kind of material. The destructive impulse latent in that shot, as it leaves the gun, is equivalent to the force required to raise, one foot, twice the total weight of the whole ship.

The eight-inch guns are protected by five and eight inches of hardened metal, and fire a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound shot with force enough to pierce twelve inches of steel a mile away.

The four-inch guns can fire eight thirty-three-pound shot in a minute, easily able to bore their way through seven inches of steel a thousand yards away; while the twenty six-pounders could maintain a murderous hail of explosive shell into open ports and upon the unarmored portions of a foe. The torpedoes, each with its deadly burden of one hundred and fifty pounds of that threefold powerful guncotton, could tear their way through the toughest fabrications of steel.

At the sharp, shrill call of the boatswain's whistle all hands are called to clear ship for action; scarcely before the last note has drifted off on the breeze, every man is at his post and hard at work. Down come all the shining railings and polished hatchway canopy frames, and over the open ways, in the wake of the guns, are fastened battle-plates of heavy steel. All unnecessary ventilators are stored below, and their deck holes filled with metal discs. Great anchor cranes are turned down out of the way of shot and shell, and the decks left bare but for the flash plates that take the first blast of the great guns and break their force.

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The anchors are freed from their cables, and the chain, if not stowed below, is wrapped for protection about unarmored parts. Boat davits are detached, and stowed either down along the sides, or bodily removed beyond the sweep of the guns. All awnings are soaked with water, and either placed safely below to guard the ammunition supply from splinters and sparks, or swathed about such of the boats as are not filled with water, or set adrift.

Overboard go the turpentine and other inflammable stores, and all chests, furniture, and other movable woodwork calculated to shed splinters and cause injury are sent below or stowed where they may do no damage. Down below the protective deck are sent the compasses, chronometers, and other delicate instruments of navigation; and the public funds are placed in such shape that they may be either easily removed or destroyed as the case may need. All needless steam supply is cut off above the protective deck to prevent scalding in case of accident. Hose are coupled to fire mains, and the pumps are set pulsing for instant use. Into the tubes the torpedoes are put with their war-heads on; and by the magazines the men stand ready to pass up the ammunition.

Down in the sick-bay, or upon the broad expanse of the wardroom table, the surgeons have spread their instruments and dressings, and a certain number of cots and lifts have been prepared for handling the wounded. The signal books are clothed in their weighted covers, and are ready to be cast overboard when ordered.

In one hour and fifty minutes the battle-ship has been stripped to the waist, so to speak, and all her bulky lines stand out in bare relief, doubly emphasizing the might of her murderous guns now peering straight out. At the masthead flutters the proud folds of "Old Glory"—our beloved flag.

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A few short taps of the drum, and all hands hasten to their several stations, most of the men bared to the waist for the sake of that freedom of movement demanded by nervous impatience. The Chaplain, who has really endeared himself to the crew by a feeling of manly fellowship, goes about quietly, taking first from one and then another of the men a little packet, which is to be sent to the loved ones at home "in case anything should happen," or exchanging words of cheer.

With the delivery of the last report of readiness, and with one wide, unrestricted glance at those smoking specks just coming above the horizon, the Captain steps into the conning tower, and, behind the sheltering folds of its ten-inch steel, glances at the tell-tale dials on its rounded walls, and reads the messages that come up to him from every part of that great craft beneath him through the armored tube that leads below to the protective deck.

With bared arms and naked feet, the guns' crews cluster about the larger pieces, waiting, with beating hearts, for the moment that will bring the enemy in range and give to their tingling nerves the self-forgetfulness of activity and din; while the crews of the lighter pieces are mustered handily behind the nearest protection till closer quarters may call them into service.

About each gun a number of rounds of ammunition have been gathered, and quick-footed bearers bring the fixed ammunition from the passages to the stations of the waiting guns.

Silence reigns on all sides, save for the quiet commands of the divisional officer, the rush of the water without, the steady rumble of the driving engines, and the pulsing sound of the running pumps. Up on their bridges the men at the range-finders keep them bearing on the approaching foe, and down in the conning-tower, the turrets, and before the principal gun stations the dials register the distance of the coming ships.

Way below the protective deck, the men stand ready at the ammunition hoists, the shell-whips, and the passing-rooms. The shell-rooms and magazines are manned by nimble, naked-footed crews; and by the torpedo tubes the men stand ready to launch the terrible, death-dealing missiles.

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In the engine-rooms, the steady roar of the machinery fills the ears, and the air reeks with the hot smell of oil and escaping steam. At the throttles stand the engineers, and at every journal and crank a watchful assistant. The floor swims with oil and water spattered from the moving parts; and but for the thundering life of the ponderous engines, one might almost think the attendants ghosts as their long shadows glide through that steaming mist backed by the ghastly glow of the electric lights.

Forward, through a water-tight bulkhead, closing the door behind us, we stand in one of the four great fire-rooms. Above us tower the cumbrous boilers, and before us glare the glowing grates of the roaring furnaces. In the half light of the swinging globes, the firemen and stokers rush back and forth, bringing coal, tending valves, and watching the pressure in the shivering gauges. With averted heads, panting breasts and blistered eyes they goad those seething beds of flames, or throw into those flaring throats the coal that must satisfy their speed.

The air, hot, dry, and of one hundred and thirty degrees, is laden with dust and grime as it rushes into the flaming pits backed by the impulse of great blowers, and eagerly sucked upward by the draught of those great smokestacks towering a hundred feet above. A great cloud of smoke and a thin wreath of escaping steam way up at those funnels' tops tell the story of the torment, far below, of the men shut down below the protective deck, ignorant of the tide of battle, and almost sure of certain death in case of a blow from torpedo or ram.

A momentary veil of smoke from the bow guns of the enemy still quite two miles away, and the game is opened, and as the sharp cutting splash flies inboard through the open ports of the four-inch guns, our own twelve-inch rifles belch a more telling response. The struggle has now begun in earnest.

World's Oldest Observatory

HOW CHINA FORESTALLS OTHER NATIONS

By Thomas Child

CHINA is the standing puzzle of the world; it always has been, and probably ever will be, says this writer, in Pearson's Magazine. From the height of our superior civilization we look down with amused curiosity—and perhaps a smile of something like pitying contempt—at the childishness with which the Chinese hold to effete methods and outworn institutions; and then, when we have penetrated beyond the barrier of their exclusiveness, we are amazed to find that, in some of the greatest of our achievements in art and science, this curious, scarcely known people have forestalled us by centuries.

Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer, was the first European to construct astronomical instruments of metal; and, here, in this now somewhat neglected observatory of Peking, we have metal instruments of high scientific utility, about whose age the only certain thing that can be said is, that they were centuries old in 1279.

But it is not alone as evidence of the great advance which astronomical science had attained, so many centuries ago, in China that these instruments are remarkable. Viewed as works of art, they are, perhaps, even still more wonderful. The beauty and boldness of design, and skill of workmanship, would tax the very highest resources we possess to-day, and I doubt if, even then, these Chinese relics of antiquity would not be found to be, really, incomparable.

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The observatory, standing, as it does, higher than the city wall, attracts the attention of the sightseer from the first, and not alone because of its massive square proportions, but also because the Chinese, true to their traditional habit of being unlike all other nations, expose their beautiful instruments to wind and weather, most of them being actually set up on a square terrace high above the city.

On the conquest of Peking by Kublai Khan, in 1279, when he made the famous old city his capital, his astronomers found that some of the instruments, which were spoils of ancient wars, were unsuited to the latitude, and therefore slightly defective in calculation. Kublai ordered new instruments to be made, and two of these comparatively modern works can still be seen in the court-yard, exposed, like all the rest, and, like them, apparently uninjured.

In the beginning of the present dynasty the Jesuit fathers were in favor with the Emperor K'ang-Hsi. One of them, Father Verbiest, was director of the Astronomical Board, and, in 1670, at his suggestion, some six new and more accurate instruments were made.

These additions to the ancient stock were easier to adjust, and much handier to use. It is interesting to notice that, artistically, they are in design and execution distinctly Mongolian, and as wonderful in this respect as the others. Indeed, if we take the long line of contributions, the dates of construction of which are duly attested, we find that in the instruments of antiquity, those of Kublai Khan, in 1279, and those of Father Verbiest, in 1670, there is little or no evidence of the passage of time.

One instrument alone differs in style and design from the others. It is remarkable for this, and also for the fine finish of its scales. It is an altitude and azimuth instrument, made in the fifty-fourth year of K'ang-Hsi, and its dissimilarity from the others may be accounted for by the fact that it is understood to have been a present to the Emperor from King Louis XIV of France.

Entrance to the observatory by the front gate leads to a hall of fine proportions. This is, however, but rarely used, admission, as a rule, being obtained through a small gateless gateway at the side of the observatory.

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Passing through this, you find yourself in a yard surrounded on three sides by one-storied buildings. Here, shaded by trees, which appear to have taken root by chance, and flourished through neglect, are to be seen two large bronze instruments, an armillary sphere, and an astrolabe, both exposed for centuries, and both without sign of flaw or wear, their beauty and grandeur quite undiminished.

In front, as one reaches the top of the stairs, is a huge celestial globe, seven feet six inches in diameter, having the planets and principal constellations shown by raised stars made in a bright yellow bronze, and fixed in their proper positions to the chocolate-brown body of the globe. There are eight instruments in all, and each is worthy of detailed description.

The observatory is not now systematically used, and the children of the city are allowed to play at will among these beautiful relics. Trees grow unchecked, displacing here and there the brickwork, and even in some instances upsetting with their roots the level of the instruments. Indeed, to obtain a photograph of one of the instruments, I had to wait some three months or so, until a huge tree, which had been blown down on it, had been stolen, piece by piece.

A guard of soldiers is kept constantly on duty in the observatory, but their peculiar task is to exact as much "cumshaw" as possible out of sightseeing foreigners.

Men and Women of the Time

CLOSE-RANGE STUDIES OF CONTEMPORARIES

Speaker Reed a Rock in the Present Crisis While we differ with him politically, says the Memphis Commercial Appeal, it is not easy to withhold admiration from Speaker Reed. He has been in many tight places, and has had many close calls during his occupancy of the Speaker's chair, but in disposing of the resolution introduced by Leader Bailey, recognizing Cuban belligerency, he was put to a severer test than ever before. That he rose equal to the emergency demonstrated his great force of character. A weaker man would have failed. His interpretation of a privileged question was no doubt correct, but the temper of the House and of the country is such that it required a rock of Gibraltar to withstand. Delay and procrastination had inflamed the mind of Congress. The Democrats were anxious to force the Republicans to show their hands. The Republicans were belligerent, and threatened revolt and insubordination. The galleries were wild, cheering for the friends of Cuba and hissing those who opposed recognition.

It was a time of great excitement. A whirlwind of feeling, a simoon of passion, was in progress, and when Mr. Bailey concluded his speech, a crisis was on that is seldom paralleled in parliamentary bodies. But Reed arose and received the full force of the tempest without wincing. He rallied his forces and scourged into submission those who had threatened to revolt. He solidified his party ranks and defeated the resolution by a practically united party vote. There is, perhaps, not another man in Congress who would have been able to do as Reed did. The Speaker is surely a strong character."

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Judge Speer, the Grant Orator There was added interest in this year's celebration of General Grant's birthday, April 27, at Galena, because, for the first time, the memorial address was delivered by an ex-Confederate, says the New York Times. The Illinois papers properly speak of this as an event of great moment, and express the hope that it emphasizes, as few other things would, the dying out of the animosities and the bitterness created by the war. The committee having the exercises in charge discovered, as soon as they began to discuss the selection of a speaker, that the idea of inviting a Southern man to eulogize the Union leader was acceptable to them all, and they soon united upon the Hon. Emory Speer as one likely to accept the invitation, and competent to utilize the opportunities of the occasion to the best advantage. They wrote to him at once, and in his cordial reply the Judge said: "I do not hesitate to accept the invitation, and if I can give any adequate expression of the carefulness and honor with which the renown of that great American is cherished, by his countrymen who dwell in the Southern States, I shall be happy indeed."

Judge Speer went into the Confederate Army at the age of sixteen, and served in the Fifth Kentucky Regiment, which was a part of the famous Orphan Brigade, under the command of General (afterward Chief Justice) Lewis, of that State. He participated in 1864 in the defense of Macon. Commenting on the selection of Judge Speer, The Macon (Georgia) Telegraph says: "April 27, 1898, will mark almost exactly a third of a century since the war closed, and it is indicative of the wondrous revolution which has come about in the intervening years, that from the very home of Grant should come a request that one who wore the gray should speak to those who knew the Commander of the Union Army as a neighbor and fellow-citizen. The celebration of the day will be something more than a celebration of Grant's birth. It will mark in history the recession of sectional prejudice. Grant on his deathbed repeated the words 'Let us have peace.' They were uttered almost with his dying breath. What more fitting, then, than that a Confederate soldier should respond to the sentiment in the place from which Grant went out to do battle!"

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Sir Charles Duffy, England's Aged Statesman The appearance of the reminiscences of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has served to revive public interest in this retired statesman and man of letters. He was born in Ireland in 1816. He was educated in the public schools and early showed an interest in literature. In 1842 he started a newspaper in Dublin; the following year he was tried for seditious conspiracy with O'Connell and others. In 1848 he was arrested for treason, arraigned on four separate bills, and tried twice during his ten-months' imprisonment, but conviction was impracticable. He was afterward sent to the House of Commons, the majority of his party having proved unfaithful to their pledges on the Irish question. Mr. Duffy resigned and went to Australia. He was Minister of Public Works under the first responsible Government of Victoria, was Prime Minister in 1871, and in 1877 was unanimously elected Speaker. When recently questioned as to which moment of his eventful life seemed to him the worst, instead of mentioning his imprisonment as an Irish rebel, Sir Charles said that it was when a hostess showed him, in an album, some of the verses he had written in the indiscretion of youth. When asked what he thought of them he replied that they were very poor. The lady turned red and said: "Pray, don't sneer at those verses; they came from the very heart of my husband when we were first courting." "Then," said Sir Charles, "I wished I was back in jail! That was my worst moment."

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Arthur Orton, the Tichborne Claimant The death, recently, in England, of Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant, may be described without hesitation as ending one of the most remarkable careers to be discovered in the annals of fraud and crime. To the present generation the man had become little more than a name, of course, says the Westminter Budget. But those whose recollection goes back to the sixties and seventies will have no need to be reminded of the space which he filled in the public mind at that period. Probably there never was another trial, in England, which excited such an enormous amount of interest and attention as that of Tichborne *versus* Lushington in the first place, and the subsequent trial of Orton for perjury. Even those of the present generation will probably be familiar with the main facts of the case. In 1869, Orton first put forward the fraudulent claim which was eventually to land him in penal servitude for fourteen years. Precisely how the original Roger Tichborne, whom Orton personated, came by his death was never actually proved.

It was known, however, that the vessel by which he had left England had been wrecked, and it has always been concluded, of course, that he was drowned. Taking advantage of a certain superficial resemblance which he bore to Tichborne, and of his knowledge of some of the facts of the case, Orton, an ex-butcher of Wapping, and one of Tichborne's fellow-passengers, who had been fortunate enough to escape from the wreck, conceived the audacious plan of passing himself off as the dead man, and endeavored in the Law Courts to establish his contention. The suit was, of course, opposed, and after a trial in 1872, which lasted several months, the Claimant elected to be non-suited, whereupon the presiding Judge committed him to prison for perjury. For this offense he was indicted, and he was found to be in very truth Arthur Orton, and not Roger Tichborne, and was sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years. Many years later, after his release from prison, Orton confessed his imposture.

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Premier Sagasta, Spain's Political Head Praxedes Mateo Sagasta, Premier of Spain, is a wrinkled, kindly looking old man of about seventy years, says the New York World. He is, of all the Spanish statesmen, the one who stands most high in the favor of the Queen and of the little King. His relations with the Regent are almost paternal in character, and on at least two occasions, when he has considered it politic for her interests, and for those of the little King, he has deliberately resigned the Premiership. He is utterly without affectation in his relations with her, completely disinterested, and has thoroughly convinced her that he prefers the interests of his little King even to those of his country. Nothing could be more charming than the relations which subsist between Don Alfonso and the old statesman, upon whose knees the little King, until a year ago, was fond of clambering to play with his eyeglasses.

Sagasta is an engineer by training, a journalist by profession, a politician by circumstances, and a Premier just at present. He has been a Minister of State under the dictator, General Prim; under the reign of King Amadeus; under Marshal Serrano, when the latter was President of the Republic; under the late King, and repeatedly since the present little boy succeeded to his father's crown. He lives on the little Plaza Celenque, not far from the Puerta del Sol, and occupies the first floor of a very ordinary apartment house, and were it not for the presence of a few police officers around the entrance, no one would dream that it was the abode of the Premier of the proudest nation on the face of the globe. It presents a striking contrast to the palace of the late Señor Canovas. Unlike Canovas, Sagasta has always endeavored to select his Ministerial colleagues from among the cleverest and most accomplished of public men. He apparently has no fear of their rebelling against his authority—an authority which he owes entirely to his imperturbability of temper, and to the fact that he always preserves his equanimity even under the most trying circumstances, his calmness, mingled as it is with irony, creating a deep impression upon a people so passionate and so hot-blooded as are the Spaniards.

Spain owes to him many reforms and civic prerogatives, and no one has contributed more to endow his countrymen with constitutional rights and freedom than Sagasta, who is fond of declaring that he finds as much pleasure and interest in Spanish politics as he does in a good game of chess.

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General Booth's Work of Helping Humanity Rev. William Booth, General of the Salvation Army, who is at present on a visit to the United States, was born in Nottingham, England, April 10, 1829. He was educated by a private theological teacher, and at the age of 15 was converted. He immediately commenced preaching in Nottingham, in the open air, and, entered the Methodist ministry in 1855. In 1861 he gave himself up entirely to evangelistic labor, and it was while traveling through the country that he reached London and was struck with the destitute condition of the eastern portion of its population. In 1865 he commenced special efforts on their behalf. The effort was at first styled the Christian Mission, but in 1878 it developed into the Salvation Army. The growth of this religious organization has been remarkable, and the good which it has done has been incalculable. Through its efforts a great system for the betterment of the submerged, starving, vicious and criminal classes has been organized. Social farms, workshops, shelters and rescue-homes have been founded. General Booth is the author of several volumes on his work, and the Army prints several weekly publications, with a circulation of nearly 900,000 copies, and printed in fifteen languages. All the profits of the publications go to support the Army's various operations General Booth is an untiring worker for the good of his fellowmen. This is his third visit to this country, and, in spite of the fact that he is nearly seventy years old, the General has lost none of his early enthusiasm.

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Chief Endicott, One of the World's Greatest Engineers Mordecai T. Endicott, the new Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, ranks in the Navy as a Commander, but that office in no manner indicates his great ability and learning, for he is one of the profoundest civil engineers in the world, says the Chicago Times-Herald. Of the dozen civil engineers on the active list, Endicott is the second in length of service, and certainly the equal of any in skill and erudition. He has been in the service a quarter of a century, and ranks very high in the esteem of the engineer corps for his professional capacity and his devotion to his part of the service. Secretary Long's choice of him for his new position is a great triumph for the engineers of both kinds in the Navy. These gentlemen have been rather looked down upon by the line officers, and the fight between the two genera of officers has been a bitter and long one. Step by step the engineers have driven their enemies back. They have one advantage, in that they are sustained by the fact of their very superior learning and immensely higher education in many branches of knowledge neglected or underestimated by the line officers. The engineers believe they will eventually get the most influence in the Navy. The fight is a pleasing one to the department, for both sides will work out the best interests of the country at large.

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Alphonso XIII, of Spain, an Unhappy Little King Alphonso XIII, the boy King of Spain, is as puny and as frail as was his father, the late Don Alphonso XII, whose tailors and bootmakers were obliged to resort to all sorts of ingenious artifices to increase his ridiculously small stature, to broaden his narrow shoulders, and to pad out his shrunken chest, says the New York World. Reared exclusively amid grown-up people, debarred from the society of other children, and only occasionally allowed to play or to associate with his sisters, the little King's ways, manner and speech are as prematurely old as is his appearance. The only feature of youth in his character is his extraordinary fondness for mischief and for practical jokes, a taste which his father manifested to an extraordinary degree even until the moment of his death. Endless were the pranks played by the late Don Alphonso on his unfortunate courtiers and Ministers. On one memorable occasion, with the assistance of the present Duke of Tamanes, who accompanied the Infanta Eulalie to the United States, he enlivened the proceedings of a Cabinet Council, held in the Royal Palace at Madrid, by emptying a bag of flour over the gold-embroidered uniform of the Minister of Agriculture, and then bonneting him with the empty bag, so that he was groping his way blindly about the Council chamber, knocking over chairs and tables in his efforts to reach a haven of refuge.

The present King has not yet got quite so far as this, and his practical jokes assume a distinctly more juvenile form. They comprise the flinging of sand inside the collars and down the backs of aged statesmen and courtiers as they bow low before him to kiss his hand, and squirting water by means of a hose and garden-pump at dignitaries of the church, when the latter, arrayed in silks, satins, and ermines, attempt to discuss with him matters relating to his spiritual welfare. In fact, he has no sense of respect for anybody or anything except his mother. He is passionately devoted to her, but is compelled, by the etiquette of the Spanish Court, so strict in all its provisions, to dine alone every day with the members of his military household.

So hidebound are the rules of etiquette at the Court of Madrid that, on one memorable occasion, when the little King, running downstairs, tripped and pitched headlong down, and was caught in the arms of a stalwart footman, and thus saved from breaking a limb, if not his neck, Queen Christina was forced to dismiss the footman for having transgressed the laws of etiquette by laying his plebeian hands on the sacred person of His Most Catholic Majesty. It is only fair to add that the Queen has, out of her privy purse, pensioned this footman for the remainder of his days. Although he is the possessor of some twoscore names or more, the young King, who, alone of all the other monarchs of Christendom, has reigned from the very hour of his birth, never has had occasion to sign any of his Christian names.

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General Woodford, Our Spokesman in Spain General Stuart Lyndon Woodford, our minister at Madrid, was born in New York City, on September 3, 1835. He studied at Yale and Columbia Universities, and was graduated from Columbia in 1854. He began the practice of law in New York, and drifted into politics, where he soon became prominent. In 1860 he was messenger of the electoral college to carry to Washington the vote of New York in favor of Lincoln for President. He was soon afterward appointed assistant United States District Attorney for the southern district of New York. In 1862 he volunteered in the Union Army; was transferred to South Carolina, and later was made military commandant at Charleston. He rose to brevet rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. At the close of the war he was the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and was elected. In 1872 he was sent to Congress, and was President of the electoral college of New York which cast its vote for Grant's second term. In 1877 he was appointed United States District Attorney for Southern New York. He is active in educational matters, and is a trustee of Cornell. His present post of honor has been a most trying one, and General Woodford has performed his duties with great credit to himself and his country.

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Zola, the Satirist, the Pitiless Moralist Primarily a story-teller, a novelist, he is more than a novelist; Zola is a satirist, in the sense that Juvenal was in the decadent days of Rome—a fearless censor, and, when rightly and thoroughly understood, an implacable, pitiless moralist, says Richard Henry Stoddard, in the New York Mail and Express. French to the core of his being, as Fielding and Thackeray were English, there are sides of French character and aspects of French life upon which he has not dwelt, or has dwelt so lightly that they eluded notice; but that congeries of contradictions, that levity and license, that cowardice and courage, those conditions of conduct which are rather unmoral than immoral, he has studied these things as the physician studies the secret of disease or the surgeon the malformation of the limb which he removes in order, if possible, to preserve the life of his suffering patient. To Zola the life of France to-day is centred in its great capital, the analysis of which beggars the resources of rhetoric; its splendors and its sorrows, its affluence and its poverty, creating and compelling admiration and indignation. Beautiful, miserable Paris! The literature of M. Zola's latest book, Paris, is of a high order, a superstructure of realism enveloped in the realism of a master of the picturesque, who subordinates his sense of color to his knowledge of form.

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Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs in the Episcopalian Fold The announcement that the Reverend Dr. Briggs, the very distinguished Presbyterian divine, who was tried for heresy some years ago, has joined the Protestant Episcopal communion, again draws attention to this eminent minister. The action of Dr. Briggs would indicate that his opponents are still persecuting him for holding heretical notions. But his bitterest opponents would have preferred to have seen Dr. Briggs one of their own number than allied to another branch of the church. Charles Augustus Briggs was born in New York City on January 15, 1841. He studied at the University of Virginia, Union Theological Seminary, and spent three years in the University of Berlin. In 1874 he was appointed to the chair of Hebrew in Union Theological Seminary. Before the charge of heresy was preferred against him he was the able editor of the Presbyterian Review.

Spoken at Sea

By Emma Huntington Nason

All men go down to the sea in ships
With a trembling hand and faltering lips
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]is known with our deep lips

[illegible]ships may meet as yours and mine
[illegible]tender gleam the
[illegible]sunset, perhaps
[illegible]for the everla[illegible]

And the light dies out of [illegible]
The course was chosen [illegible]
No hand is ever clasped over the soundless blue
But hearts though severed may yet
And a sweeter story never shall be
Than of memory's skylights spoken at sea
- Poe

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Making the Nicaragua Canal

WHERE MUD AND MOSQUITOES FLOURISH

By W. Nephew King

DESPITE the difference of opinion among experts as to the part of the Isthmus which offers the least engineering difficulties, Nicaragua has ever been the choice of those whose experience and ability command attention. De Lesseps, the "Napoleon of the shovel," favored Panama, but the unsolved problem of the control of the Chagres River, and the burial of the project in a desert of material ruin, prove that the great Frenchman was more a diplomat than an engineer. And such a chimerical scheme as the ship railway, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, could have been proposed by none save a man with the fame of Captain Eads. The abandonment of this project followed closely upon his death, so that to Nicaragua the commercial world now turns, as it did centuries ago, for a solution of the problem of water transit from ocean to ocean. Though the Atlantic trade winds almost blend the roar of the surf, at Greytown, with the cooling breezes of the Pacific, as it breaks on the pebbled beach at Brito, this narrow strip of land still guards the "secret of the strait"; but the work of the present Commission may throw new light upon the apparently insurmountable barriers that Nature has placed along the line of the Isthmus, and thus far defied man.

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Whatever may be the changes, as to details, in the cost and construction of the great work, it is fair to presume that the general plan will consist in the reconstruction and deepening of the terminal harbors at Greytown and Brito, a straight cut across the country to Ochsa, where an immense dam will raise the waters of the San Juan to those of the lake—thus being the summit level—and the utilization of the beds of several smaller rivers on the Pacific slope. The work at Greytown, where the surf is ever roaring over a shallow bar, will be of a dangerous character, for it was there that Captain Crossman and several boats' crews from a United States war-ship were lost.

Rear Admiral Walker's commission has reached Greytown just at the end of the rainy season, when all of the rivers, small streams, and their affluents are greatly swollen. This will enable the engineering parties, in their steel canoes, to penetrate the interior of the country without serious difficulty, none save those who have been through this experience can fully realize what navigation means on the Isthmus. Your boat glides swiftly along propelled by muscular Indians, when a sudden bend in the river reveals the presence of an immense tree across the stream, completely blocking the way. The men are quickly in the water making an examination of the situation. If the wood is old and rotten, machetes soon tunnel out an opening, and, with all hands lying on their backs, the boat is hauled through amid a shower of dead fibre interspersed with a few poisonous insects.

Should the tree, however, prove to be of a wood so hard that it will turn the edge of the sharpest blade—as is often the case—officers and men are compelled to remove surveying instruments, provisions and luggage to the slimy surface of the log, and lift the canoe over by hand. On the other side the cargo is replaced and the journey continued, only to meet a similar, or perhaps greater, barrier a few hundred yards beyond. This tedious operation goes on from daylight until dark. Added to these almost insurmountable obstacles, from time to time you will find yourself high and dry upon some shallow spit over which the boat must be lifted bodily.

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And of the routine work of the engineers in the dense jungles of the Isthmus—what shall I say? To be appreciated, it must be experienced. Those days of hard physical labor, exposed to the blistering rays of a tropic sun, and sleepless nights in damp forests with the roar of wild animals on all sides, are not calculated to inspire the sweetest of dreams. Civil engineering, at its best, is beset with many hardships, but in a country of dense tropical vegetation, where primeval forest trees have stood for countless ages, and vines, gnarled and twisted, have matted themselves into an almost impassable barrier, the running of a transit line is attended with more than ordinary difficulty and danger.

The practical part is done by macheteros. With costumes consisting of little more than hats and boots these fellows cut and slash a path through the jungle. At every opening their ebony backs glisten in the sunlight like the surface of a polished stone. The Chief Engineer, with pocket compass and aneroid, skirmishes ahead to establish the direction of the line. As soon as the site for a stake is selected the leading machetero is given a cutting, a narrow picket toward the sound of his voice. When they reach the spot, a stake is driven, upon which is placed a small white flag, and the men cut back in the direction of the others. They, in turn, clear away trees, vines and branches so that the transitmen may be able to take a sight with the theodolite.

The chainmen follow, and at intervals of one hundred feet drive other stakes. After them come the levelers, taking elevations, depressions, and cross sections. Once more the chief advances, selects another spot, and the leading macheteros are again cutting in the direction of his voice. This is the work carried on from day to day. After the evening meal, if the distance is not too great, the party returns to camp and gathers around the draughting table, some with heads tied up in towels, others wearing boots or leggings for protection against poisonous insects, as they plot the work on the rough chart.

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After the day's labor comes the battle of the night. And there is no lingering twilight nor "gloaming" to dream of the past for in the Tropics darkness, as sudden and imperturbable as that which overwhelmed Egypt, comes without a warning. The day winks, and it is over. Before the lamps are lighted, regiments and battalions of ravenous mosquitoes, conga flies, gnats and other insects, realizing that a diet of Anglo-Saxon flesh would be a red letter event in their ephemeral existence, march in through the tent flies and ventilating flaps. Under nets alone is there temporary peace and comfort, and even then, after being snugly tucked away, you are often greeted with visions of spiders, lizards, and sometimes a poisonous tarantula.

About midnight you begin to appreciate the fact that your net has caught more insects than it has kept out; and, in hopes of removing them, you step out of the cot, only to find yourself ankle deep in soft mud, with the cheering prospect of disturbing the slumber of some huge snake that has quietly stolen in during the night to escape the rain. Later, an elbow lined Jamaican thrusts his woolly head into your tent and exclaims in the peculiar accent of his native isle: "Cut marnin, barse! Eight o'clock, Kaly, barse."

This exhilarating draught is administered according to the medical instructions, under mosquito nets while the malaria impregnated air and has not been driven away by the hot sun. After a plunge in the cooling waters of the San Juan, the body is rubbed down and anointed for the day's work. Returning to the tent, boots are inverted and carefully searched for the alacran or scorpion of the Isthmus. This little insect, which looks like a diminutive lobster, is four or five inches long, and has a sting in the tail. It is not poisonous, yet its bite has a peculiar effect upon the nervous system.

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In the afternoon, when the day's work is over, officers and men again take a plunge in the San Juan, and by the time flannel sleeping suits are donned, the Jamaican cook has placed upon an improvised table smoking dishes of venison, wild turkey or chonchos. The last mentioned dish is prepared from the meat of the wild hog—one of the greatest delicacies in the Tropics.

In the evening, after coffee and pipes, comes the single moment of rest and retrospection. Around the campfire the engineers relate their experiences of the day, their hardships, and hairbreadth escapes from poisonous snakes, while the tiger howls in the distant jungle and the black monkey roars in the near by forest. Now and then, upon the eve of holidays in particular, an impromptu egg nog is served, and the drowsy tinkle of the guitar accompanies, for the nonce, the song of the Tropic mosquito. The memory of these fiestas in the wilderness recalls an amusing incident at Camp Carazo during Lieutenant Peary's last survey.

It was Christmas eve, and the officers and men, after a hard day's work in the swamps of the Rio San Juanillo, were sitting in front of their tents. The night was calm, and at our feet, in the bright moonlight, the great river lay like a silver serpent. The Southern Cross was high in the heavens, and the pale North Star, almost on the horizon, awakened memories of loved ones far away. [illegible] the dark forest came the fragrance of wild tropical flowers—a perfume which exists only in the swamps of the Isthmus. We had bidden the officers of Camp Taylor, across the river, to join in the festivities, and tiger stories were the order of the evening.

"As long as the night-fires are kept burning," said an old engineer, "a camp is perfectly safe. Should they go out, however, you are sure of being annoyed by some night wanderer."

With this final warning, our guests manned their canoe and departed. After piling an extra number of logs upon the fire, which was then burning brightly, we retired to our tents, filled with thoughts of these dangers.

About two o'clock in the morning we were awakened by a sound as of crackling branches just outside of the fly. Every engineer instinctively grasped his rifle [illegible], was told in a whisper.

In an instant the camp was aroused, and an army in red flannel sleeping suits [illegible] mobilized for battle. By this time the frightened tiger had retreated to the edge of the forest where he seemed determined to [illegible] his meal. The warriors started in pursuit, but, just as a dozen rifles were leveled at the monstrous animal the moon emerged from a dark cloud and we saw—the only pet dog in the expedition.

Another subject that few dared discuss was that of hunting wild [illegible]. The woods are infested with chonchos.

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"There they are now," he [illegible] hogs were seen quietly feasting on wild [illegible] few hundred yards away.

The young engineers quickly grasped their rifles and started in pursuit. In a short time they returned, dragging after them two animals, which the old engineer pronounced magnificent specimens of the 'gem chuncho.'" A few days later a Nicaraguan presented an exorbitant bill for pork.

Such is life in the jungles of the Isthmus; and such it will be until the prophecy of Lieutenant Peary is fulfilled and that wonderful stream, flowing out of the purple peaks of Dipilepe and Madera, becomes the gateway of the oceans.—Collier's Weekly.

Along the Coral Reefs

BEAUTIES OF NATURE IN THE BERMUDAS

AT A LITTLE past ten o'clock, on a bright March morning in Bermuda, with the sky clear, the thermometer at seventy degrees Fahrenheit and a pleasant breeze blowing, the [illegible] left the [illegible] of Hamilton with a "reefing party." A reefing party is a company of people who go out and anchor near some of the coral reefs which are to be found in the quiet waters. Several small boats, with an oarsman in each, are towed behind the steamer. After reaching the reefs, the voyagers enter the small boats, carrying with them "water glasses," which are boxes about a foot square with bottoms of plate glass. These are placed in the water alongside of the boat, and by looking through them down to the reefs [illegible] picture below is brought to view, and all the coral formations, in their natural position, are clearly and fully seen.

Manifold seaweeds and flowers, strange fishes, and crawling things, small and great, all fish and polyps, and moving sands, and curious little currents and eddies in the sea gardens, arrest the attention, awaken curiosity, and absorb the mind, so that hours are unheeded in this fascinating exploration. Persons of an acquisitive disposition [illegible] accommodated, for each boat carries a [illegible] pole with a grappling iron at the end, which can bring to the surface specimens of [illegible] of seaweed, and a net judiciously [illegible] will gather many sorts of fish, from the delicate and beautiful "angel," to the hideous cuttlefish, whose inky output is likely to defile the entire collection.

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My collecting days are over, and it gives me more pleasure now to see flowers [illegible] in a vase, and corals in their [illegible] than in a cabinet. Yet I would not criticise those who love to gather and place where they can call them their own, flowers and minerals and corals and shells. I love to contemplate these natural objects, but best of all to see them where they grow, and as I look, they are mine to enjoy when I like and as long as I live.

After "reefing" till eye and limb were weary and Nature's dinner bell called to the midday meal, the explorers rowed back to the steamer, where, beneath the awning, an ample repast was spread. A part of the afternoon was spent in "reefing," and then the anchor was hove up and a voyage round the southern exposure of the island showed the tremendous action of the waves of the Atlantic, which in furious storms they are hurled against the shores.

Some idea of the power of these waves may be gained from the statements of Thomas Stevenson, in an able article upon the Force of Waves, published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1843. He gives as the result of two hundred and sixty-seven experiments, extending over twenty-three [illegible] months, in the Hebrides, that the average force of the waves in five summer months was six hundred and eleven pounds per square foot, and for six winter months two thousand and eighty-six pounds per square foot. During one gale, more than six thousand pounds was registered; the sea dashing against the coast, rose forty feet perpendicularly in a mass, with foam and spray above it to the height of one hundred and seventeen feet, and moved a mass of stone [illegible] forty tons five feet up the beach.

As we saw the long rollers dashing over the coral reefs which began from half a mile to three miles distant from the mainland, and throwing their spray and foam against the jagged rocks, it was not difficult to imagine the terrors of a winter's gale on such a coast to the hapless crew of a vessel, out of her course, and unable to prevent driving to destruction on these reefs. Those objects which seemed to us so full of beauty, with their shapes of delicate construction, sharp as knives and files, with points like needles and branching arms, and swinging masses of weed and flowers, would then be turned into devilish weapons, to hew, and cut, and scrape and tear, and pierce ship and crew, to wrap them in a smothering embrace, tangle them in helpless bonds, and drown all life which the powerful blows of the waves had left.

[illegible]ure excursions on the deep sea should make us remember the sailors who do [illegible]ness in the great waters, who are constantly exposed to dangers, and are too often neglected and forgotten by the communities of mankind from which they are exiled during so large a part of their lives.

Those who would understand and enjoy the water scenery and [illegible] coral islands like the Bermudas should know something of their formation. Many books have been written upon this subject, and much learned discussion has well nigh exhausted some parts of it. But any one who desires a clear and concise, and well illustrated and sensible volume, which will give easily understood ideas concerning it cannot do better than to purchase or borrow Corals and Coral Islands, by the late Prof. James D. Dana, of Yale College. There are a few pages about the Bermudas.

Professor Dana's general view of the formation of reefs and the origin of corals, is at variance with popular notions, but it is founded upon a wide experience and scientific deductions therefrom. He says that coral reefs are banks of coral rock built upon the sea bottom, about the shores of tropical lands; and coral islands resemble the reefs except that a lake or lagoon is inclosed by the reefs instead of a single island being constructed with hills and valleys. To quote his words, "a narrow rim of coral reef generally a few hundred yards wide, stretches around the inclosed waters. In some parts the reef is so low that the waters are still dashing over it into the lagoon; in others it is verdant with the rich foliage of the Tropics." These lagoon islands are called "atolls," a word of Maldive origin. Coral is made by a creature that is, says Dana, "as much an animal as a cat or a dog."

These animals secrete stone (carbonate of lime). They are called "polyps," and have a mouth, a stomach, and a stout cylinder-shaped body. They live in clusters of the most intimate construction, and are in great variety. Professor Dana compares the coral plantation to a spot of wild land, which is partly barren sands and débris, and partly covered with tufts of vegetation. These coral fields spring from a germ which fastens to a point of rock or other firm support, and develops into branching or other coral growth. Around this tree, fragments, and sand, and shells gather, and they become impacted and fill up the spaces between the living parts; and so, gradually, the reef is firmly and completely formed.

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The coral is constantly dying at the bottom and growing above, its branches are broken off by storms, and even its heavier growths are sometimes torn up and driven through the coral plantations, grinding them down. From the devastated areas new life springs up in great abundance, so that while the reef has become consolidated, its growth has not ceased. Upon this reef there are countless marine plants, and creations which correspond to small trees and shrubs, which in due time decay and are succeeded by others. The sea sweeps over these fields, and gradually piles coral and shell debris above the sea level, till they reach the height of ten or sixteen feet above the water. "The ocean is thus the architect while the coral polyps afford the material for the structure, and when all is ready, it sows the land with seed brought from distant shores, covering it with verdure and flowers."

Thus Bermuda was originally formed. In a paper read by Lieutenant Nelson before the Geographical Society of London, and which was published in 1840, he says: "The Bermudas are parts of a single atoll, and this atoll is the most remote from the equator of any existing." It is a living coral reef, and affords fine opportunities for the tourist and the scientist from the United States to explore its treasures and study its formations in those clear and bright days which so often occur here in the winter [illegible]. Such an excursion is a pleasure [illegible] traveler who has a love for the [illegible] of Nature, and especially delightful to an educated naturalist, or any one studying natural history.—New York Observer.

John Hay's Literary Reminiscence

VISIT TO THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

By Frank Banfield

OWING to the courtesy and kindness of the American Ambassador, I am able to give an account of a visit I paid him at the United States Embassy, and of our conversation there. As everybody knows, Mr John Hay is the successor of Mr Bayard as the representative in Great Britain of the Government at Washington. Since he absolutely declined to make his own personality the subject of discussion, it seems to me that I should myself preface this paper with a brief biographical reference.

Mr John Hay is a native of Salem, Indiana, where he was born in 1838. Twenty years later he became a graduate of Brown University, and was subsequently called to the American Bar at Illinois. With the War of Secession came an opportunity of early distinction, of which he made full use. He was not only Assistant Secretary to that great man and great American President, Abraham Lincoln, but was able on the field of battle to show the material of which he was made, and to such purpose that he was brevetted Colonel. Mr Hay, however, does not use this military title.

After the Civil War and the tragic death of Lincoln, a diplomatic career abroad opened itself before Mr Hay, and between 1865 and 1870 he was Secretary of Legation at Paris, Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna, and Secretary of Legation at Madrid. It was, doubtless, during the years of his Spanish residence that he garnered those Castilian experiences to which he gave a literary embodiment.

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Mr Hay returned to America, and for some years was one of the editors of the New York Tribune, of which journal he was at a later period, in sole editorial charge. It will be seen, therefore, that the Ambassador from the United States has had a large and varied experience. Soldier, statesman, diplomatist, and journalist, he has also been distinguished as an author, the work with which his name is as much associated as any other being Pike County Ballads. I begin by mentioning these facts because, just as there are many people who do not do what they ought, so there are many of us who do not know all we ought to know.

I was very much pleased to get a letter from Mr Spencer Eddy, the secretary to the Ambassador, which ran as follows:

"I am directed by the Ambassador to say in reply to your letter of October 20, that he will be pleased to see you if you will call at the Embassy."

I may observe here that there are three secretaries of the United States Embassy: Mr. White, the first secretary, Mr Carter, the second secretary, and Mr Spencer Eddy the third secretary, who is also known as the Secretary to the Ambassador, and is very much of a confidential and private secretary. Then, of course, there are a naval attaché and a military attaché.

Mr Carter had informed me, when I first saw him at the Embassy, that Mr Hay was decidedly averse to being interviewed and to talking about himself. I wondered, now that the goal of my immediate ambition was reached, what Mr. Hay and I should find to talk about, and London, on the morning of our meeting, was in unconscious harmony with my mental mist, as it was inwrapped in a dense and unpleasant fog. It was through a drab yellowness, to be smelt, tasted, and felt, that I made my way from Charing Cross to Victoria Street, and rang the bell at the entrance to the tall building in which Mr Hay discharges his official duties. A modest brass plate, as unpretentious as that of any professional man, with "United States Embassy" on it, is fixed to the wall.

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Admitted first to an outer hall, a summons given at another hall opens for me an inner door, and I am shown into a large waiting room. The floor is covered with a Turkish carpet, a large leather-covered table is littered with time-tables and books of reference, while all around are glass-fronted bookshelves. Over the door is a painting of John Quincy Adams, and I sit down on a leather-covered chair and wait. This is a room very familiar to the journalists who, from time to time, call at the American Embassy. I had once, some eighteen months before, been ushered from this apartment into the presence of the then Ambassador, Mr. Bayard.

Mr Hay, as I am for the moment in the waiting room, saw something of the big bookcase on the right of the fireplace. It contains the archives of the Embassy, and in a curious duplicate—every letter is copied in a "blotter," and the bound books of blotters are all here. But absolute confidence is not placed in the blotters, and every letter is most neatly and carefully copied out in very handsome bound volumes. And the method of keeping record of official correspondence goes back for seventy-six years, at least. The gentleman who showed me a bound volume of copied correspondence drew my attention to the beauty of the handwriting, which was the work of an official of the Embassy who was seventy years of age.

Really, I was kept but a few seconds in the waiting room. Mr Carter announced me almost immediately to the Ambassador, and I was shown into the Ambassadorial sanctum—a large, square, lofty room, adorned with a great number of portraits on the walls, and with two handsome bookcases of polished mahogany. Mr Hay, who was sitting at a desk to the right of the fireplace, as one enters, and drawn toward the window, arose and greeted me with much cordiality.

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He must, I have no doubt, to make me feel at ease, and at home at once, and succeeded in doing so. The hands of the large marble clock on the mantelpiece pointed to something more than what the late Mr Barham would have called half after eleven. I was not a little astonished to note where the hands of the clock above the door outside stood when I was about to leave the Embassy. And yet, at the beginning I could not have dreamed of this. Things are not always as black as they look at first, and the clouds rolled by. Still, I must confess I had a bad quarter of a minute, for on the Ambassador resuming his seat and my taking a chair at the corner of the desk, and after we had surveyed each other, Mr Hay proceeded at once to say that he was not a personality for the interviewer at all.

He, in a word, maintained that his autobiography could interest nobody, and that, even if it would, he was not disposed to supply it. I was disconcerted considerably, and my hopes of obtaining material for this paper most distinctly took to themselves wings and flew away—for a brief space, at any rate. And then, as Milton might say—

'A sable cloud
Turns out a silver lining on the night."

"It is not necessary at all, Your Excellency," said I, "that we should talk about your career. There are plenty of other subjects."

Mr. Hay neither said "no" nor "yes." We fell to talking upon the question of payment for literary work, and His Excellency remarked:

"If no pay was given for writing, as many people would write as write now. That subject came up when the introduction of copyright was under discussion, and it was said then, 'Whether you pay them or not, or rob them or not, they will write.'"

I ventured to observe that those who had the disbursement of the pecuniary rewards of literary merit constituted, now, a sort of commercial court of judgment in restraint of the *caveat emptor*, but Mr. Hay would have none of it. He said:

"The ordinary law of supply and demand does not hold in literature."

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I admitted that the demand which won commercial admiration was not always judiciously directed, and for a few moments we considered this point. Then the Ambassador remarked:

"When, in America, we paid handsomely anything for literary work, we had a number of brilliant writers—Bryant, and Longfellow, and Whittier, and Lowell in his youth, and they didn't receive as much as one poet of to-day, who said to me that the whole product of his poetry didn't pay for his washing.

"Edgar Poe,' he went on—and with much interior delight I observed that he was now warming to his subject—"who was one of the greatest men in prose and verse that we ever had, and a trained editor as well, not to add all his life the dream of founding a magazine which, in his most sanguine moments, he thought might obtain a circulation of forty thousand copies. Now we have several magazines circulating half a million each, and they rarely publish anything that reminds you of Edgar Poe's work."

'And from your point of view what does that prove?'

"It proves that the demand has little to do with the supply in matters of art. In fiction we've certainly had nothing better than Hawthorne, and, except in his later years, Hawthorne received little pay for his work."

'That was Nathaniel Hawthorne?'

"Yes. The most successful book was written by a man who wasn't a writer and published by a man who wasn't a publisher and read by people who never read."

"That sounds paradoxical. What is the name of the book?'

"The Life of Grant, by himself," said Mr. Hay. "Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars was paid, at one time, to his widow for that. The success of a book depends infinitely more on whether it is wanted or not than on how it is written."

I pointed out that, at any rate, there was a grand subject, the career of a great military leader during a colossal struggle, and so the people who played a part in that conflict would be deeply interested in that narrative however told. If Achilles had written an autobiography, the Greeks would have read it, no matter how poor the story-telling gift. Still, it seemed to me that if Grant had combined the faculty of literary expression with his other splendid endowments, the world would have been even a greater gainer. However, I dropped the subject, and asked His Excellency what he thought of a man who has been an object of special admiration.

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"You admire Kipling, Mr Hay?"

"I admire him enormously."

Then, referring to another remark of mine, Mr Hay went on:

I think you are in error in fancying that we Americans are unduly sensitive about what is written of us. No great writer of modern times has judged America more severely than Mr Kipling and yet this has not prevented his attaining an immense popularity and genuine regard among us."

"I suppose," said I, "intrinsic strength always commands regard. And men pay homage to evident genius."

Indeed, I remember even now as I write that Mr. Kipling himself has said:

"And there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face though they come from the ends of the earth."

With reference to the strong man of this type, the Ambassador said:

"You take it for granted that he has a right to his opinions. That poem of his, The Recessional, was one of the grandest organ blasts of the poetry of modern times."

"He knows how to blow a trumpet call as no one else in our literary world does," I remarked; "something that stirs the pulses."

"He can blow a blast," assented he, "that no one else can. He has such a grip of reality. There's a story of his called A Matter of Fact Story, which describes the death of a sea serpent in a tidal wave. No one can read it without feeling that the serpent is as real in zoology as in poetry."

And what view do you take of the late Lord Tennyson?"

Tennyson,' said he, "has the pose and majesty of a Greek temple."

As regards Browning," I remarked, "it has always appeared to me that his overwrought obscurity was a mistake."

"Browning," rejoined Mr. Hay, "is not merely that. Ethically, he is the greatest poet of his time. Tennyson is by far the greatest artist of his time."

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We then fell to talking of Matthew Arnold, and the Ambassador nodded in sympathetic approval of a quotation of mine. Then he said:

"I think Matthew Arnold also stands very high on the roll of artists."

"Where does he appeal to you most?"

"I think," replied Mr. Hay, "Empedocles on Etna is a very great poem, and things in The Strayed Reveller are full of charm and power."

"And are you also an admirer of Swinburne?"

"Swinburne," replied he, "has a power of rhythm, has a power of high thoughts and melodious words, which has rarely been equaled. I will tell you a very curious thing, if you don't know it, that one of his [illegible]."

Do you mean [illegible]

'When the hounds of Spring are on Winter traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.'"

No," said he, "I don't mean that one. You may find that in any manual of selections. The chorus I am thinking of has a stanza like this:

"'Who shall seek, who shall bring,
And restore thee the day
When the dove dipped her wing
And the oars won their way,
Where the narrowing Simplegades whiten the straits of Bosporus with spray?'

"And the curious thing?"

"The melody of that poem," returned the American Ambassador, "rang in Bret Harte's ears and mind till he wrote The Heathen Chinee in that measure."

"Is that so?" I exclaimed with interest, for I had till then not the remotest notion that literary reminiscence held stored away an origin so classic for—

"Ah Sin was his name,
Which I will not deny," etc.

"It's a far cry," continued he with a smile, "from the Proposals to the Golden Mite."

Here I observed to Mr. Hay that I had been a great admirer of Heine's verse, and quite naturally quoted a line or two.

"There was a time," resumed Mr. Hay, "when I considered a day lost if I did not get a poem of Heine's by heart. A volume of his poems—selected poems, of course—has been beautifully translated by a young Jewish lady, Miss Emma Lazarus, of New York. She wrote Songs of a Semite also."

"Good is it?"

"Good? Yes. Excellent. I remember Lord Houghton speaking of Heine once. He said:—'No man should think of translating Heine unless he has a cognate mind.' I have,' Lord Houghton added, pleasantly."

Now we got upon the subject of the poet's prose, and Mr Hay said:

"Heine's German prose is the simplest, most exquisite German prose ever written. It is as clear as French."

On my observing that French and German about exhausted my modern linguist lore, Mr Hay remarked:

"There is a great school of Spanish fiction rising; the naturalist, or realist school, as they prefer to call it. One of the writers is a lady whom they call the female Zola of the Peninsula."

Here we discussed realism for a while. As far as I was concerned, I expressed my contempt for the diseased hostility to that decent vesture which men and women living in civilized society have, at any rate, found convenient and conducive to the amenity of life. After all, a Yahoo is a Yahoo, though his descent beneath the level of the brute creation may not have lost him his faculty of articulate expression. It was anent some remarks which fell from myself that the Ambassador observed:

"I said to a Frenchman of letters once: 'Why doesn't one of your great writers indulge in the novelty of a decent story? Every man wants his children to read good French. It would sell by hundreds of thousands of copies in France, England and America.' His answer was:

"'No Frenchman could write such a book and retain his self respect.'

They must have somewhat topsy-turvy notions on the question of self respect."

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But possibly the animal from which we get ham and bacon might raise the same objection if invited to leave its normal delectation for a while and bathe.

"There are six volumes of the journals of the Goncourt brothers," continued Mr Hay, "the most remarkable pictures of French literary life ever before printed. These two brothers, men of good birth and education, seem scarcely ever to have entered a private house. When not writing, their time seems to have been entirely passed in *cafés* and restaurants.

"When you were young, what were the names in English literature of this century which had attraction for you on the other side of the ocean?"

"Tennyson and Arnold and the old-fashioned men—Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott."

Browning?"

Yes.

And George Eliot?"

"Yes. Middlemarch, Romola, Daniel Deronda. The event of the month was the appearance of her [illegible]."

The mention of George Eliot [illegible] Lewes and his life of Goethe. In this connection it was that Mr. Hay remarked:

"We hoped to have had the most perfect life of Goethe ever written by [illegible]. He'd been preparing for it for ten years."

"I suppose," said I, "your acquaintance with England did not begin with your appointment as Ambassador?"

[illegible] been coming to England," said Mr Hay, "for the last fifteen or twenty years."

"And, naturally, you had many friends here before coming this time officially?"

"I had a great many friends. Of all the countries on the face of the earth, England is the one most cordially hospitable."

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And now I asked Mr Hay whose portraits they were that so numerously covered the walls, especially about and around the mantelpiece.

"Those," said he, "are the portraits of the thirty men who have represented America in England. I have personally known fifteen of them."

We walked round the room, Mr Hay being careful to point out the picture of John Adams, who first filled the post of American Minister at the Court of St James.

"Father, son, and grandson," said he, "they are all here. John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Charles Francis Adams."

He then showed me the portrait of Motley, the historian, and his predecessor.

"He was the father of Lady Harcourt," observed Mr Hay, and there we were going round the room, now standing still to deal with some literary reminiscence, when a visitor, an old friend of the Ambassador, was ushered in, and I was reluctantly forced to bring what had been a most enjoyable tête-à-tête to a close.

I ought not to conclude without expressing my sense of the unassuming kindness which marked the Ambassador in the course of our conversation. There was always a bright, pleased look when any line of beauty and suggestion was quoted from a poet. He is very alert to the humor which arises from the contrast between the reality and the appearance of things. Dignified without stiffness, no assumption of superiority in ever so slight a degree, mars the impression made by his stores of information and his ripe and varied [illegible]. Mr Bayard was taller but [illegible]ness was spoiled for me by the affliction of deafness. Mr Hay can both talk and listen well, and the hour and a half we spent together at the American Embassy will always remain a distinguished and an agreeable memory.—Cassell's Magazine.

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

To Milton—Blind

By Stephen Phillips

He who said suddenly, "Let there be light!"
To thee the dark deliberately gave:
That those full eyes might undistracted be
By this beguiling show of sky and field,
This brilliance, that so lures us from the Truth,
He gave thee back original night, His own
Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang.
Oh, blinded with a special lightning, thou
Hadst once again the virgin dark! and when
The pleasant, flowery sight, which had deterred
Thine eyes from seeing, when this recent world
Was quite withdrawn, then burst upon thy view
The elder glory; space again in pangs,
And Eden odorous in the early mist,
That heaving watery plain that *was* the world,
Then the burned earth, and Christ coming in clouds.
Or, rather, a holier leave to thee was given
By the High Power, and thou with bandaged eyes
Wast guided through the glimmering camp of God.
Thy hand was taken by angels who patrol
The evening, or are sentries to the dawn,
Or pace the wide air everlastingly.
Thou wast admitted to the presence, and deep
Argument heardest, and the large design
That brings this world out of the woe to bliss.

—Poems (published by John Lane).

What is the World's Population?

Hübner's Statistical and Geographical Tables, as a result of the latest investigations, gives the population of the world at 1,535,000,000. This is an increase over the figures of 1896 of 23,000,000. To this increase Europe is credited with contributing 5,700,000; Asia, 6,200,000; Africa, 7,500,000; America, 3,200,000. The United States, with its great growth, estimated by this authority at 2,800,000, and its present population, placed at 72,300,000, represents more than 53 per cent. of the entire population of North and South America—a circumstance adduced as highly significant, and occurring in no other part of the earth. The population of Europe was increased to 378,600,000, which is about a quarter of the entire population of the earth.

Death's Mark in the Eyes

Whether a man be really dead or not may be read in the veins of the eye. This important discovery has been made by an eminent American oculist, says Pearson's Weekly. There has always been a widespread, haunting fear among people of being buried alive, and this new discovery will remove this fear.

The Doctor's experiments began some twenty years ago. He had observed that in life the veins and arteries of the retina have distinct differences in color. The veins contain a dark, blackish blood, while the arteries contain bright crimson. At the back part of the eyeball these two shades of blood may be seen, under the light of the ophthalmoscope, dividing the retina. Even in the case of the blind this distinction in shade may be seen, unless, of course, an opaque film has formed over the injured eyes, or the eyes have been entirely destroyed. In death, however, the shade distinction entirely disappears. The blood in both arteries and veins is transformed into a pinkish color of uniform shade. An exhaustive examination has been made, and this simple test has never failed. In the case of suspended animation, where others had pronounced death, he observed the shade distinction and saved the man from being buried alive. This is a fortunate discovery.

New York City of the Present

The opening of the year 1898 saw the creation of a new metropolis which easily takes rank as the second city in the world, says the Public Ledger.

Old New York covered an area of about thirty-nine square miles, and was popularly associated with Manhattan Island only. New New York covers an area of three hundred and twenty square miles, and includes five great boroughs: Manhattan, or that part of the original city comprised within the Island of Manhattan; the Bronx, the part of old New York to the north of the Harlem; Brooklyn, including the city of that name and the districts between the city and the Atlantic Ocean; Queens, a district in itself larger than the old city, lying to the east of Brooklyn and between the Sound and the ocean, and Richmond, including the whole of Staten Island. The population of the city is increased from 2,000,000 to 3,388,000, giving it a place between London, with 4,500,000 and Paris with 2,539,000.

The next largest city in America, and the sixth largest in the world, is Chicago, with 1,438,000. The new city has 6587 acres of parks and squares, 1200 miles of streets, of which 1002 are paved; 1156 miles of sewers, sixty-five and one-half miles of elevated railways and 466 miles of surface railways. The shipping facilities of the new city are shown by the fact that it has over 350 miles of water front. The bonded debt is about $200,000,000, or equal to that of London, and the assessed valuation of real estate is about $2,500,000,000, that of London being over $5,000,000,000. The annual expenditure is about $67,000,000. The daily water supply, reckoned at about 330,000,000 gallons, is over 50 per cent. greater than that of London. If the present rate of progress should be maintained, it is likely that the coming century will not be half spent before New York will be, both numerically and in point of wealth, the metropolis of the entire world.

The Queen's Big Family

The Queen has had nine children, of whom seven survive; forty grandchildren, of whom thirty-three survive; thirty great-grandchildren, who are all living.

Of the great-grandchildren, nineteen are boys and eleven are girls. Five are grandchildren of the Prince of Wales. Seventeen are grandchildren of the Empress Frederick. Eight are grandchildren of the late Princess Alice. Three are grandchildren of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

This would appear to make a total of thirty-three, but two of them are grandchildren of both the Empress Frederick and the Princess Alice, while one is grandchild of both Princess Alice and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

It will be seen that in the course of Nature the future rulers of Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Greece and Roumania will be the descendants of Her Majesty.

The Song of the Angelus Bird

When traveling in the forests of Guiana and Paraguay, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance, says a writer in Great Thoughts. The Spaniards call this singular bird Campanero, or a bell-ringer, though it may still be more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day—morning, noon and night. Its song, which defies all description, consists of sounds like the stroke of a bell, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bell is a bird. One writer (Mr. Waterton) has declared that the bird tolls with so sweet a note that Actæon would stop in mid-chase. Orpheus himself would drop his lute to listen, while the clear note can be heard at a distance of three miles! The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent; he is as large as a jay, and as white as snow, beside being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the bird is the tuft of arched feathers on its head; this crest is conical in form and four inches in length.

Where Orphans are State Charges

Australia has no orphan asylums, says the Presbyterian Banner. Every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the State, and is paid a pension for support, and placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday. After that he may be able to go to work, in which case the pension is placed to his credit until the age of eighteen, when he becomes a citizen, with a balance due him from the State to begin life with. This inculcates a humane, and charitable, and responsible spirit in all residents, decreases the chance of pauperism, and places every young man on a fair and square footing with the world.

World's Largest Freight Engine

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is constructing, at its Juniata shops in Altoona, says the Public Ledger, the largest, heaviest, and most powerful freight engine ever designed. It is intended to haul ore from the Lakes to Pittsburg over the Erie and Pittsburg railroad, in competition with Carnegie's new line. It will not differ from the standard Pennsylvania Railroad freight engine except in size and weight, but as it will have double the hauling capacity of the Class R freight engine now in use, this difference is of the greatest importance. The steel boiler, or generator, of the new engine is a gigantic affair, seventy-two inches in diameter, and twenty-four feet in length.

The sheet in the barrel of the boiler is thirteen-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, fastened with one-inch rivets. It will contain three hundred and eighteen flues. The naked boiler will weigh forty-two thousand one hundred and fifty pounds. Some idea of its size may be obtained from comparison with an ordinary boiler, which is from three-eighths to one-half an inch in thickness, eighteen thousand to twenty-two thousand pounds in weight, and contains from one hundred and eighty to two hundred flues. The engine is of the consolidated type, four wheels connected, with pony truck, and will weigh, when completed, ninety-six tons. The wheel centres are of cast steel, the full diameter of wheel fifty-six inches. The cylinders will have a twenty-two by twenty-eight inch stroke. The guides will be of steel, two bars. The engine will carry two hundred and ten pounds of steam. The cistern, in the tender, is constructed of steel three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and will have a capacity of four thousand five hundred gallons.

It is expected that the new engine will haul forty-five loaded cars up the mountain from Altoona. The most powerful freight engines now in use haul but twenty loaded cars up the same elevation. When in service on the Erie and Pittsburg road it will be in connection with one hundred thousand-pound cars. The capacity of the ordinary car is sixty thousand to eighty thousand pounds, the greater number being sixty thousand. The new engine, however, will only be in complete working order with one-hundred-ton cars behind her, when twenty miles an hour can be made with ease. These cars will be fully equipped with air brakes, and every appliance insuring safety, and will not carry a train crew, the whole duty of managing the train devolving on the engineer.

The First American Patent

It is claimed that Joseph Jincks, of Lynn, Massachusetts, was the first recorded inventor in America. In 1655 he was granted a patent for an improved scythe. He also made the first castings in this country, and, in 1652, made the dies for the famous "Pine Tree" shillings. In 1654 Mr. Jincks made for the City of Boston the first fire engine in America, and his name is also associated with other inventions of that time. But history records the fact that in 1641 the General Court of Massachusetts granted a ten years' patent to Samuel Winslow for a process of making salt. Patents were granted in England before that under the common law, but it was in 1790 the first United States patent law was passed. The colonies of Massachusetts and those of Connecticut were the first to introduce the English system into this country.

How Leaves Change Color

Probably not one person in a thousand knows just why leaves change their color in the fall, says an eminent botanist in the Washington Star. The green matter in the tissues of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, the natural growth of the tree is retarded, and oxidation of the tissues takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different aspects it takes on a yellow or brown hue. The difference in color is due to the difference in combinations of the original constituents of the green tissues, and to the varying condition of climate, exposure, and soil. A dry, hot climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and cool. This is the reason that American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England and Scotland.

There are several things about leaves, however, that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age, and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall and the other should turn yellow, or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have the brightest colors.

What are Truffles?

Truffles are a fungous growth, generally found in soil impregnated with lime, and always near oak or beech trees, says Fiction and Facts. Very little is known about their propagation and growth, but they lie loosely imbedded in the earth, from an inch to a foot underground. They are oblong or spherical, and vary from the size of a walnut to that of a large potato. Sometimes they weigh as much as two pounds. Some are of a dull white color, but the black or brown truffle has the finest flavor and brings the best price. Truffles have a strong aromatic odor, which produces nausea in some people.

In England and Germany dogs are trained to find truffles. When a dog is to be trained for truffle-hunting, he is given a truffle to play with, and then allowed to see it buried. When feeding time comes he is told to find the truffle, and made to understand that his meal depends upon its rediscovery, and, as a rule, he is very quick to comprehend this, and, guided by the peculiar truffle smell, learns to scratch up the soil where truffles are growing. Some dogs will tear the truffles to pieces, but a good one stops scratching away the earth as soon as the truffles are in view. In France and Italy, pigs, which are passionately fond of truffles, are made to hunt for them, and they prove to be of much service to those who hunt truffles.

In Mexico

By Evaleen Stein

The cactus flowers, straight and tall,
Through fallow fields of chaparral;
And here and there, in paths apart,
A dusky peon guides his cart,
And yokes of oxen journey slow,
In Mexico.

And oft some distant tinkling tells
Of muleteers, with wagon-bells
That jangle sweet across the maize,
And green agave stalks that raise
Rich spires of blossoms, row on row,
In Mexico.

Upon the whitened city walls
The golden sunshine softly falls,
On archways set with orange trees,
On paven courts and balconies,
Where trailing vines toss to and fro,
In Mexico.

And patient little donkeys bare
With laden saddle bags, and bear
Through narrow ways quaint water-jars,
Wreathed round with waxen lily stars
And scarlet poppy buds that blow,
In Mexico.

In liquid syllables, the cries
Of far fruit-venders faintly rise;
And under thick palmetto shades,
And down cool, covered colonnades
The tides of traffic gently flow,
In Mexico.

When twilight falls, more near and clear
The tender Southern skies appear,
And down green slopes of blooming limes
Come cascades of cathedral chimes;
And prayerful figures worship low,
In Mexico.

A land of lutes and witching tones,
Of silver, onyx, opal stones;
A lazy land, wherein all seems
Enchanted into endless dreams;
And never any need they know,
In Mexico,

Of life's unquiet, swift advance;
But slipped into such gracious trance,
The restless world speeds on, unfelt,
Unheeded as by those who dwelt
In olden ages, long ago,
In Mexico.

—From "One Way to the Woods."
Published by Copeland and Day.

Novelist with Four Million Readers

The most popular novelists are those who are least known to literary people. Who has heard of Emma Jane Worboise, or of the late Mr. Smith of Family Herald fame? And among French novelists, Zola, and Daudet, and Ohnet we know, says the London News, but very few have heard of Richebourg, whose death was announced recently. Yet Richebourg—"the king of feuilletonists," as he was called—had probably more readers than any novelist alive or dead, and made as much money by one novel as any other novelist by two. He had, it was calculated, four million readers for every story he wrote, and he received $20,000 for the serial rights alone.

Whence Our Handkerchiefs Come

Very few people are aware that the consumption of handkerchiefs, throughout the United States, amounts to about 75,000 dozen daily, says the Washington Star. This means 27,375,000 dozen yearly, or 328,500,000 single handkerchiefs. To satisfy this enormous demand there are always kept in stock, in New York City, at least 350,000,000 handkerchiefs. It would be extremely difficult to say what such a supply of goods is worth in the aggregate, as handkerchiefs sell at wholesale at anywhere from 30 cents to $40 per dozen, according to quality and finish. But the figures are not exaggerated, and they throw a strong light on the gigantic dimensions of an important branch of the dry goods business.

A comparatively small number of handkerchiefs are manufactured in this country, and those that are made here are mostly of inferior quality. The finest silk goods are imported principally from Japan, which country sends us annually between 17,000,000 and 18,000,000 Japanese pongees. The best cambric article comes from France and Belgium, and linen handkerchiefs come from the North of Ireland and also from St. Gall, Switzerland. Japanese silk handkerchiefs are worth from $3 to $40 per dozen, while the imported cambrics from Brussels sell for from $5 to $7 a dozen, and the cotton product manufactured in Pennsylvania and New Jersey may be had for thirty cents per dozen. The capital invested in this business is immense. It may amount to $100,000,000, but accurate figures cannot be given.

When Ice Will Burn

Most people are aware that a piece of ice roughly hewn into the shape of a double convex lens will, if placed in the direct sunshine, concentrate the rays of the sun to such an extent as to light an object placed at some distance behind it; but the fact is not generally known that it is able to produce materials for supporting the fire thus produced. Ice taken from marshes, and other localities where vegetation or animal matter is undergoing decomposition, often contains bubbles of olefiant gas. Some of these cavities in the ice are of considerable dimensions, and if pierced the gas escapes with great force and may be lighted, burning for a few seconds with a bluish-white flame.

Laws of Honor in War

RIGHTS HELD SACRED IN INTERNATIONAL CONTEST

By John Elfreth Watkins, Jr.

ALTHOUGH warfare is a relic of barbarism, it must be waged between enlightened nations with strict adherence to many binding rules, prescribed from time to time by international law, says this writer, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The President, and those of his inferiors who would be influential factors in a war, must be conversant with this code, which is fully as binding between two nations respecting their honor as is the code duello between two men. Violation of these rules on the part of either belligerent would invite the contempt of dignified nations.

That "everything is fair in love or war" is no longer true—at least, so far as war is concerned. Although warfare has become more cruel through the development of weapons, the international laws governing it have become more and more humane. It is doubtful whether Spain would adhere to these laws as strictly as we would. As a race, her people are more cruel and impulsive. Furthermore, her record is bad. Were it otherwise, she might expect more sympathy from other continental nations, almost all of which observe the rules of war very strictly.

The object of dignified warfare in these days, of course, should be to disable the enemy at the least cost of suffering and death. All weapons, therefore, which make warfare actually cruel and barbarous are regarded as illegal unless they will, by one bold stroke, speedily terminate the war. Although hundreds may lose their lives at once from such weapons as submarine rams, mines or torpedoes, these are considered lawful. Red-hot shot, chain shot, and hollow shot are considered cruel instruments of war, on the other hand, and no self-respecting nation would employ them. Red-hot shot were used in the wars of Frederick the Great. Cannon balls were heated to redness and fired to combine the tortures of fire with those of concussion.

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Chain shot was even more cruel in effect. A pair of cannon were loaded with balls connected by chains, the guns being close together, but trained to such an angle as would spread the balls apart when the two fuses were lighted simultaneously. The chain was made as long as might be desired, and by its means large bodies of men could be horribly mangled as if by the stroke of a giant scythe. Hollow shot or hollow bullets were considered cruel because they became flattened and irregular after coming in contact with bone, thus making wounds unnecessarily painful.

Langrel, composed of nails, knife blades, bits of iron, etc., which made horrible wounds, is forbidden for the same reason. Projectiles of an explosive nature, or charged with inflammable substances, are now considered unlawful between nations, if they weigh any less than fourteen ounces. Likewise, poison is strictly forbidden as an element of war. In ancient wars it was customary to use poisoned arrows, or to poison the rivers flowing into an enemy's country.

While it would be proper for either Spain or the United States to lay waste the standing crops of the other merely to temporarily reduce a district to deprivation, it would be very illegal to uproot vineyards, orchards, etc., so as to desolate the country for years afterward.

A flag of truce, a Red Cross hospital flag, or a signal of distress displayed by Spain, for instance, would have to be respected by our forces, and no one protected by such a signal would be harmed. Should a body of Spanish soldiers or sailors show such a signal fraudulently, however, it would be considered a gross act of treachery, punishable by death. A more treacherous act would be the assassination of a statesman or officer of a hostile country. The killing of an officer of the enemy, however, by a combatant in uniform would not be considered as an assassination, but as a legitimate act of war, since by wearing the garb of a soldier an enemy runs an honorable risk.

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It is also considered as illegitimate warfare to distribute lies for the misdirection of an enemy, or to sail under false colors. Should a Spanish privateer, for example, come upon one of our vessels while sailing under false colors, she would be required by the laws of war to show her own colors before firing. Before making an assault she would, properly, fire a gun across the bow of the opposing ship as a warning to "heave to."

The employment of spies is still considered as legitimate warfare among enlightened nations, but the spy, as an individual, is generally looked upon as rather a dishonorable character. It would be improper, therefore, for one of our Generals to order a man to act as a spy. All spies must be strictly volunteers. It is an interesting fact that, should a spy succeed in joining his Army, he would cease to be a spy in any technical sense, and unless captured in the act of carrying fresh information, he could not be captured except as a prisoner of war. No soldier in uniform could be executed as a spy serving the enemy, since a spy is necessarily a person in disguise, acting under false pretences, or secreted somewhere. Men engaged in surveying a Spanish fortification or camp in a balloon, for instance, could not be considered as spies, although their balloon might be destroyed as a vessel of war. If captured alive, the balloonists could be held only as prisoners of war.

A man in the uniform of the United States, caught in the act of carrying information to a Spanish commander, would be executed, if caught by us, since he would be either a spy or a traitor. Traitors have always been regarded as the lowest of the low by soldiers.

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Prisoners of war would be very carefully handled by a well-bred nation like ours. None but a barbarous General would countenance cruelty to a war prisoner or a soldier who had surrendered. Late into the Middle Ages, death or slavery was the only prospect of a prisoner of war. Should a parcel of our forces surrender to Spain or be captured, not only all combatants, but such of the non-combatants as newspaper correspondents, guides, messengers, balloonists, telegraphers or contractors, either present with the Army or assisting it, might be taken as prisoners of war. Should the Spanish force their way to Washington, they might take any of our statesmen prisoners of war, including the President. The international laws demand that all prisoners of war be subjected only to such restraint as would be found necessary to prevent their escape.

They would be given as great liberty as possible, and could be punished only for breach of discipline or attempted escape. Some nations provide money allowances for prisoners of war. They must also be fed and clothed by the country detaining them. Thus we would be required to sustain our Spanish prisoners comfortably, although we would, after the close of the war, send in a polite little bill to Spain, demanding that the expense be refunded. Others beside spies forfeit their rights of protection as prisoners of war, and can be executed when captured. Thus, one of our courts-martial might sentence to death a body of Spanish guerrillas, prisoners of war who have been released under promise that they will not fight again, or deserters from our own Army.

It would, of course, be a violation of the accepted rules of war to injure non-combatants or take them prisoners of war, except in such cases as sieges, where every citizen must defend himself as best he can. Old men, women and children are always considered non-combatants. In some countries their privileges are extended to ministers of the gospel. A declaration of war between Spain and this country would cause all foreign nations, not engaged in the struggle, to regard us both with the utmost care.

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As soon as the declaration should be made, it would be the duty of President McKinley, through our foreign Ambassadors and our Ministers, to immediately notify the ruler of every neutral nation. Unless such formal notification should be given, a Government could not be held responsible for any breach of the neutrality laws. No neutral State, such as Mexico, for instance, if so informed, could permit an armed force belonging to either side to remain on its territory while contemplating an attack. Should the force be a defeated Army, or fugitives taking refuge from the pursuit of the enemy, Mexico would be simply extending its hospitality by allowing them to come over the line. According to the general practice, they would be disarmed and retained by Mexico until the war should close. Likewise, we could not properly march a body of forces through France, into Spain, although the waters of France, in such a case, would not be considered as neutral territory, unless France should especially stipulate that they should not be passed over by either belligerent.

Should we take the Philippines, for example, we could not sell them to any neutral Government, like Japan or China, during a war with Spain, or until our right to the conquest should become properly confirmed by treaty or otherwise.

A neutral country would, surely, get itself entangled in a war between Spain and the United States should it furnish us with troops, arms, or warlike material, after war should be declared. Thus it is essential that both Governments purchase all their necessary ships and all equipments abroad before the first gun is heard. It would, therefore, be unsafe for us to place a large order for arms or ammunition in the hands of a foreign Power, lest it be unfilled at the outbreak of hostilities. Spain, of course, would become much more of a pauper than she is now in case of war. No neutral Government could allow itself or its citizens to make her gifts of money, or to lend her money without interest. Any one willing to run the great risk could lend her the money under the condition that interest be paid. Money, of course, is an article of commerce, and both Spain and the United States, if at war, could buy it in a foreign market.

It would be an unfriendly act for any neutral Government, as one of the Central American republics, for instance, to become a base of supplies to either belligerent nation. Some nations have been so very cautious as to close all their ports to two nations at war. Should no such rule be laid down, a Spanish man-of-war might run into a Central American port merely to make such repairs as might save her from distress, or to take aboard sufficient coal to enable her to sail only to the nearest Cuban port. It would be an act unfriendly to the United States to give a Spanish vessel sufficient coal to carry her on a mission of war. Should such a vessel be followed into the neutral port by one of our war-ships, we would be expected to make no attack, and she would be given twenty-four hours' start of us in order to avoid conflict near by. Some nations, such as England, highly versed in the etiquette of war, would enforce the rule that war-vessels of either Spain or this country should not remain in port for more than twenty-four hours, except in cases of bad weather or when disabled.

War between two important Governments necessarily causes neutral nations a great deal of trouble, since they must suffer numerous interferences with their commerce. A Spanish or United States man-of-war would have the right to search any private vessel, of a neutral nation, which it might suspect of carrying on contraband trade or committing a breach of blockade. Mail steamers of a neutral Government could likewise be searched, but the laws of war forbid the opening of a neutral Government's mail bag, except in cases of very grave suspicion.

Should warfare be waged in Cuba, Spain would suffer more seriously from blockade than would we. On account of our enormous network of railroads between different ports, a blockade of any one part of our coast would not arrest commerce. Such would not be the case in Cuba, whose limited seaboard could be readily governed.

The laws of war are the rules which nations have instituted among themselves to govern contests such as the game which many think will be played between President McKinley and the Queen Regent of Spain. During such an exciting contest the neutral nations of the world would look on as interested spectators. Since the real purpose of modern warfare is to restore or defend National honor in the eyes of the world at large, the rules of the game would be adhered to as strictly as possible—at least, so far as we are concerned, that no one could accuse us of gaining an unfair victory.

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Military Aspect of Europe

WHAT ARMING OF THE NATIONS MEANS

By Major-General Nelson A. Miles

AT NO previous period of the world's history have there been so many men engaged in military and naval preparations as to-day; nor has there ever existed a body of men so well clad, equipped and armed, so thoroughly schooled, disciplined and prepared for war. There are now on the Continent of Europe nearly four million men whose lives are devoted to military preparations. At least one hundred thousand of these are employing all the modern appliances of machinery, steam-power, and electricity in the construction of the latest military implements, ranging from the enormous armor-piercing, high-power cannon, which throw a distance of twelve miles a projectile weighing two thousand pounds, capable of puncturing twenty inches of solid steel, down to the rifle of smallest calibre, throwing a bullet with such energy as to penetrate fully six feet of solid wood.

Why all this preparation, if not for the dominion of the world and the control of its commerce? What was the object of the famous Triple Alliance if not the control of the political affairs of Europe; and what would be the action or influence of this Alliance, should one of its members become involved in some question of great magnitude? This Alliance was never more powerful than at the present time; for the last Turco-Grecian war has resulted in making Turkey, with her million of hardy troops, a strong ally of Germany and the Kaiser.

It is idle to believe that these vast armies and navies, each of which has cost from one hundred to five hundred million dollars, are to remain permanently inactive. Is it to be supposed (however sincerely we may wish it) that Russia will maintain in idleness twenty-five battleships, thirteen cruisers, twenty-three armored vessels, and two hundred and four smaller craft of war? Or that Great Britain will so maintain sixty-six battleships, one hundred and two cruisers, sixty-seven armored vessels, and two hundred and seventy-eight smaller craft, besides an enormous merchant marine, built with a view to the exigencies of war? Great Britain to-day owns one-half the shipping of the world; and within forty-eight hours a great part of this could be utilized for purposes of war.

There are two ways of influencing a people or a country commercially. One is by methods of mutual intercourse; the other is by the dominion of territory. Influence is exerted to a much greater degree where commercial relations are supported by the absolute political and military control of one country over another. Commercial, military, or political conquests are, however, rarely attempted where the countries or people to be controlled are either impoverished or physically strong. The temptation to avarice is far greater where the people destined to subjugation are both rich and powerless. The condition of China to-day may serve as a proof of this statement. This vast empire, endowed with greater natural resources than India or Africa, and possessing a greater population than either—yet physically weak and financially bankrupt—was conquered and placed under an enormous indemnity by a nation one-twelfth its size, in a brief war which involved a loss to the victor of but six hundred and forty-four killed.

Here is a tempting field for the ambitious, both in a political and a commercial sense. And this field will be thoroughly explored with one of two results: (1) A combination of the great Powers of Europe, resulting in a division of the Chinese Empire—the strongest seizing the lion's share; or (2) a disagreement—much to be desired—among the Powers as to this division, in which case the Celestial Kingdom will be allowed to work out its own salvation. In the latter event, the Empire, stimulated to greater efforts, may eventually reach a high standard of civilization and development.

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So far as the effects of the situation upon the people of Europe are concerned, it may be said that the more the Governments can extend their dominion and control, the greater will be their commercial facilities; these facilities again will result in a greater revenue, and an increased demand upon the home markets for goods of every description. But to maintain such influence and power, the statecraft, patriotism, strength and resources of the nation must at times be taxed to their utmost limit. Great Britain has spent about $500,000,000 upon her present Navy; and she is still increasing her service in order to maintain her supremacy. The present Emperor of Germany has for years appealed to his Government to add to the naval armament; and recent reports show that $200,000,000 has been granted for this purpose. The little Kingdom of Japan, which, from a comparatively insignificant position among the nations, has recently risen to great prominence, has provided for additions to her Navy which, when completed, will place it third among the large navies of the world.

We are fortunate in being isolated from other countries. We are blessed with a virgin soil and great natural resources. At the same time, however, there are questions of vast importance which will require the attention of our ablest statesmen, in order that the prosperity and enterprise of the country may be preserved, and the comfort and welfare of its millions of toilers guarded. For this reason, it will be necessary to build up our commerce wherever it has declined, so that we may successfully compete in the markets of the world.

During the last thirty years our people have spread a steel network over our great western empire. The hardy soldiers and pioneers, miners and home-builders have transformed the wild prairies and mountain-wastes of the great West into civilized, prosperous and progressive communities and States. Yet, while this transformation has been going on, other countries have been making progress, which may in time rival that of our own country. Great changes have been made in India, Egypt, South America, Australia and Africa, as well as in the vast region of Siberia; and we should not be unmindful of these changes, as they may affect our own interests and commercial welfare in the future. The events now transpiring simultaneously in Europe and the far East are very ominous. The trade of China, if not her existence as an independent nation, is involved. Whether the territorial dismemberment of the Empire is contemplated time alone will determine. As regards the economic phase of the struggle, however, our country cannot be a disinterested spectator. What active form our interest shall take is a problem which must be solved by our statesmen, and solved well, we hope.

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While we view with great interest and some concern the position of the great Powers in their relations to the question to be solved in the far East, it is impossible to foretell what movements will be made in the near future upon the world's chess-board—whether there shall be a concert of action, or whether rivalry, jealousy, avarice and ambition shall involve the principal nations in the most serious war of modern times. As important events are following each other with such rapidity, it cannot be long before we shall be able to judge of the extent to which our own political and commercial interests, and those of our neighbors among all the republics of South America, will be affected.—The Forum.

My Hunt After Elephants

A TERRIFIC STORM IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE

By Herbert Ward

WHILE living at Bangala, on the north bank of the Upper Congo River, one thousand miles in the interior of Central Africa, I heard many native accounts of the number of elephants to be found in the forests of Mobunga, a district on the opposite shore of the river. Elephant hunting, alone and on foot, in spite of numerous natural obstacles in the shape of dense vegetation and boggy ground, together with the physical strain of tramping, climbing, wading, oftentimes faint with exhaustion, I found to be a stimulating and exciting sport, and I determined to visit this land of promise.

Upon an appointed day, accompanied by twenty-five Bangala natives as paddlers, we embarked in a large, native war-canoe. Before us, at the close of a long day's paddling—for the Upper Congo River at this point is some twenty miles in width—lay the low forest bank of the south shore, where the village was indicated by the tiny columns of blue smoke which wreathed the upper branches of giant cotton-trees.

This country had never before been visited by a white man, and we were far from being confident of a friendly reception from the Mobunga cannibals. Our misgivings were quickly realized, for no sooner had the canoe approached within full view of the village than we were saluted with wild yells and howls. An ugly mob of armed natives rushed to the river-side and manned several war-canoes, while others lined the river-bank with their spears poised at us. In view of this reception, the prospect of going after elephants in this particular country seemed remote; and my Bangala companions, well versed in savage ways, counseled a hasty retreat. At the critical moment, however, when escape seemed hopeless, owing to a number of large canoes heading us off, the chief suddenly made his appearance upon the bank, and raising his voice high above the uproar, he shouted:

"*Benu bokuling undi?*" ("What do you want?") "*I tumba ekh?*" ("Do you come to fight?") and looked fiercely at us.

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Explanations followed, and the crowd gazed at us suspiciously.

"We come as friends," said the head man of my companions, speaking in the Mobunga dialect. "We come to visit your country because there are so many elephants. If you will believe that we are friends, coming in peace, and allow us to land, our white man will show you the strange weapon he has brought, which will kill elephants. We have ourselves seen the power of the weapon, and it is strong. Let the white man come and kill elephants, so that you may have the meat for food. Think, oh, people of Mobunga! think of your bodies all large with good elephant meat."

This ingenious speech told greatly in our favor. The mere mention of the word "meat" had an immediate effect, and the loud voices of distrust soon changed into a low rumbling note of eagerness. Upon landing, we were at once surrounded by a surging crowd of evil-smelling ruffians, to the exclusion of all fresh air. I paid a heavy penalty indeed for the unique position of being their first white visitor. I was buffeted to and fro, while large grimy hands mauled me over as if to prove, by sense of touch, the reality of my strange appearance.

My patience was sorely exercised, and the climax of my misery was reached, when, after bland and eloquent speeches on the part of the chief and his henchmen, I submitted to the queer ceremonial of blood-brotherhood with Ezambina, the great Mobunga chief. An incision was made in both our right arms, and our blood was collected and mixed in a broad leaf. This leaf was subsequently rolled after the manner of a cigar, cut into two portions, and handed to us to eat. This trying ceremony, considered as an evidence of good faith, was accompanied by a furious uproar of drums and human voices, while we were publicly proclaimed to be brothers of one blood, this cannibal chief and myself. Imagine my disgust!

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It was now dark; and, being anxious to avoid any further ordeal, I persuaded the chief to give me six of his best men to guide me into that portion of the forest where I should be most likely to find elephants. Much time was spent in haggling, and it was probably about ten o'clock at night before we eventually came to business.

Setting out with my rifle and cartridge-belt, and accompanied by six most ill-favored savages, each carrying a fire-brand, we entered the dark forest in which I looked forward to enjoying a spell of comparative peace and quietness. Stumbling along in single file, for upward of an hour, we reached an odd little village, where I observed that most of the doors of the small grass huts consisted of elephant ears hung over the aperture by a lashing of supple vine. Around the village were large stakes, firmly fixed in the ground, in order, I was told, to protect the huts from being trampled down by elephants. Indeed, such precaution appeared to be essential, for the boggy ground on all sides was deeply marked by elephant tracks.

As my guides considered it necessary to sit down and relate the entire story of my arrival to the inhabitants of this forest encampment, we were delayed some time during the recital. After long and angry expostulations on my part, we wandered off again through the dense forest, constantly tripping over fallen trees, and being scratched and bruised by thorny creepers and massive festooned vines. Arriving in swampy ground, we waded for some distance up to our knees in foul mud, when, to my surprise, a canoe was mysteriously produced.

We scrambled into the little craft, and commenced pushing and hauling ourselves through the mass of undergrowth. At frequent intervals the canoe had to be lifted over fallen trees and monster roots, necessitating much delay and many violent arguments among my dusky guides.

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It was altogether a most exasperating experience, and I can vouch for the absolute discomforts of canoeing through the great African forest by midnight. To add to the weirdness of the experience, there were the sounds of startled birds and monkeys, while the splashing of water and the crackling of twigs often called our attention to the presence of elephants. The air was damp and cold, and chills crept over my body until my teeth chattered; mosquitoes swarmed around us in clouds; and as we hauled ourselves along by the aid of branches, we frequently found ourselves smothered with vicious red ants, which showered upon us like rain.

It was a dismal journey, and I was truly thankful when we reached a comparatively clear space in the forest, albeit it was covered by tall bamboo cane some twenty feet in height; but one could at least catch a glimpse of the star-spangled sky. The leading man of my guides then informed me that the journey was at an end. We had reached a favorite ground for elephants.

They proposed to retire with the canoe, and to return the following day, when the sun was high in the sky, to carry home the meat. Being entirely in their hands, I acquiesced as cheerfully as I could, and stepped ashore into the knee-deep slush.

"*Okē! eo okē o.*" ("Oh, you! We go—we go away.")

I acknowledged their farewell, and then listened sadly to the distant voices of my homeward-bound guides. Standing in the cold water, thoroughly chilled, weary, and with myriads of mosquitoes hovering about me, I never in all my life felt so little inclination to hunt anything. Surrounded, as I was, by the vast primeval forest, a long day's journey from my single white comrade at Bangala, and fully five hundred miles from the next nearest white man at Stanley Pool, in the dead of night, and in the land of capricious savages, the feeling of loneliness grew more and more oppressive as the night advanced into greater darkness.

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With the sense of hearing overstrained, every slight sound in the forest caused an involuntary start; the great trees, showing black against the star-lit sky, assumed grotesque forms, and I found great difficulty in shaking off a feeling of intense nervous awe. After floundering about for some time, I at length found an elephant path. The cane was trodden into the sodden ground, about four feet in width, and the path led straight across the centre of the bamboo patch. On either side of the path the cane grew so thickly that I found it almost impossible to penetrate. Making up my mind to remain in this ploughed-up path until daylight, when I hoped to view the elephants, I backed among the sticks and thorns and tried in vain to sleep. Gusts of wind whistled through the foliage, and by degrees the sky became overcast. Rain commenced to fall, and soon the sky seemed rent asunder with terrific flashes of lightning, to which there succeeded crashing peals of thunder in startlingly rapid succession.

This tropical storm seemingly arrived as a climax to my misery. In the midst of the storm I distinctly heard elephants forcing their way through the forest, in order, evidently, to reach some open space, where they might be safe from falling trees. In the intermittent flashes of lightning I occasionally got a glimpse of their great ghostly forms approaching the cane path; and, as the storm increased in fury, the sound of elephants stampeding in all directions through the thick mass of bamboos impressed me in a most uncomfortable manner. Each moment I feared being trampled. The floundering heavy footsteps occasionally seemed to approach within a few yards of me, and I distinctly heard the frightened squeals of baby elephants as they plunged and stumbled in the swamp. The storm ceased as suddenly as it came, and in the subsequent lull there was a constant dripping of water in the forest and the sound of falling branches. The elephants appeared to be standing motionless, and the air was once again filled with the eternal music of mosquitoes.

With the first indication of dawn my spirits rose, and I carefully wiped the mud from my rifle with the ragged sleeve of my shirt. While it was still too dark to distinguish the surroundings, I could plainly hear elephants stirring in all directions. Crawling some little distance along the sloppy path, I suddenly distinguished the outline of an elephant's head and back cutting sharp against the gray morning sky. It was impossible in that light to estimate distance, but, in order to preserve a reputation with the Mobunga people, I made up my mind, at all hazards, to obtain that particular elephant to use as a safeguard.

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Every moment it grew lighter, and I was the better able to obtain bearings. Creeping cautiously forward, I was startled two or three times by a low rumbling sound peculiar to elephants, and which is in some way connected with their digestion. The cane patch appeared to be a perfect haven of refuge for elephants during the storm, for on every side there came audible evidences of their presence. When within what I judged to be twenty paces of my elephant, I was just able to discern his ears flapping spasmodically to beat off the mosquitoes and sandflies that hovered around him, and his trunk swinging listlessly among the trampled cane as if in search of something edible.

Gradually I noticed a certain restiveness, as though the animal was conscious of danger. Raising his trunk in the air, he sniffed in various directions until his head was turned straight toward me. Realizing that my presence was discovered, and that there was not an instant to lose, I took a steady aim at his left shoulder and fired. The recoil of my eight-bore knocked me backward, and as I struggled in the cane-entangled slush, enveloped in smoke, I was conscious of a deafening uproar. The rifle report echoed strangely through the forest, and the startled elephants charged madly forward in every direction, crashing through the dense foliage like giant locomotives.

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By the time I regained my feet, and had run aside to be clear from the smoke, I found my elephant slowly rising from the ground. By this time I was within fifteen paces of the beast, and fully realized the necessity of firing a fatal shot. Trembling with excitement, I fired pointblank at the animal's forehead, and, quickly stooping below the smoke, I caught sight of a jet of blood spurting from the wound, while the ponderous beast slowly sank to the ground again—dead.

Reloading in haste, I took two snap-shots at an elephant rushing past me, without other effect, however, than to stop his progress. He stood for a moment gazing at me and twitching his tail. Owing to wet or dirt, I found difficulty in opening my rifle, and, in spite of frantic efforts, I could not make the lever act. I can well recall the feeling of blank despair, when the wounded beast, with coiled trunk and ears erect, rushed forward with a shrill scream. I darted aside, and fortunately fell, lost to view, in a swamp hole, completely covered with a mass of vines and branches. There I lay breathless for some moments, listening to the flounderings of the wounded elephant. At length the noise died away, and with broad daylight all was still again. In vain I tried to open my gun, but the breech was jammed, and I found myself unarmed.

The hours dragged slowly on, until, by noon, I became anxious, and commenced to reflect upon the risks we had exposed ourselves to in visiting Mobunga without taking due precautions for safety. Hunger, excitement, and lack of sleep all combined to put rather a dark complexion upon things. I climbed upon the back of the dead elephant and waited impatiently for my companions of the previous night. It was with genuine joy that I greeted their arrival.

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In place of the six men, however, there now came hundreds, with several canoes, and their shouts of delight at finding a dead elephant were deafening. Within an incredibly short time the huge carcass was stripped of flesh. The tusks were hacked from the skull with a native adz, and I embarked in a canoe laden almost to the gunwale with reeking meat. Arriving once more in the village, I was distressed to learn that my Bangala followers had taken fright in the night, and had paddled away, leaving me stranded. My successful kill had, very fortunately, the effect of putting every one into a more or less good humor, and by dint of lavish promises I obtained some Mobunga natives and a canoe for my safe return to our camp at Bangala. My white comrade, there, was delighted to see me.—Cassell's Magazine.

Literary Hysteria

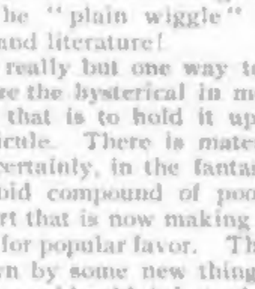
A TENDENCY IN CURRENT LITERATURE

THE astonishing development of hysteria in American literature, within a comparatively brief period, may well arouse the concern of Christian people of every denomination. By hysteria I mean that class of morbid, over-wrought writing, that gets itself published in books with lurid titles and nightmare covers—a carnival of mere sensationalism, silliness and incomprehensible nonsense. Some of our most prolific writers seem to have broken loose from literary bedlam, and to be capering and cracking their heels in the face of the public, as if there were no longer any such thing as decency or propriety to be expected of a man who wields a pen. The improbable, the distressing, the fantastic, the immoral, are all laid under contribution to furnish a feast that will make the reader wriggle in his chair. In one of these recent hysterical volumes three collaborators put their heads together to devise, collect or "adapt" the most horrible stories possible concerning the torture and death of infants. This sort of thing is, perhaps, the worst phase of the prevailing literature of hysteria—the use of the shocking, the revolting, the unmentionable, as a means for attracting the attention of the reading public.

Then there is another phase of literary hysteria—the supremely silly. Nine-tenths of the affected, abnormal school of modern writers cultivate a kind of obscure, giggling nonsense, because it is easier to produce merely silly things than anything else. Such hysteria as this is more harmless than the convulsive sensationalism of a more virile class of writers, but no reader ever gets any inspiration, or help, or enlightenment out of it. It demoralizes by weakening the mental fibre.

Associated with the shocking and silly literature of modern hysteria, is the no less outlandish and meaningless "poster" craze. Indeed, the modern poster seems to be a very good visible reflection of the literature which it is intended to advertise. There you may see, in very black black, and very white white, the exaggerated, artificial, scrolled and furbelowed monstrosity that stands for the unnatural story or what-not in the book. Truly, such art makes one envy the simple and straightforward vocabulary of the old lady who, when asked by the house decorator if she would have the double convolute on her parlor panels, replied: "No, thank you, just a plain wiggle running down each side." How refreshing would be a return to the "plain wiggle" in contemporary art and literature!

There is really but one way to neutralize and sterilize the hysterical in modern literature, and that is to hold it up to honest, hearty ridicule. There is material enough for satire, certainly, in the fantastic, pretentious, morbid compound of poor literature and false art that is now making such a persistent bid for popular favor. Those who are easily drawn by some new thing (and their number is considerable) have been readily fascinated by this dime museum type of literature. They will crowd to see the disemboweled infant, the hypnotized girl, the man who turns his conscience inside out, the yellow dancer, the red realist, and their like, until somebody, with a healthier imagination, shows them the ridiculousness and vulgarity of the whole thing. Then they will all go home, laughing; and the shutters of hysteria will be put up; and much elaborate stage scenery will pass into the hands of that relentless old junk-dealer whom we mortals call Oblivion.—James Buckham, in the New York Observer.



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With an Army of Invalids

LIFE AT A GREAT GERMAN WATERING-PLACE

By Cy Warman

CARLSBAD in winter-time is bleak and desolate. The place is not dead; no more than the flowers are dead that are sleeping under the snow that has drifted deep in the Böhmerwald. With the first bluebird comes the man burdened with a bad liver, and the first patient is followed closely by merchants and shopkeepers, hotel men, and waiters. There are merchant tailors from Vienna, china merchants from Dresden, and clock-makers from Switzerland.

All through the month of April the signs of life are daily increasing. The walks that wind about the many hills are being swept clean of dead leaves; houses are repainted; and the rooms of hundreds of hotels and pensions are thrown open to admit the health-giving winds that come down from the low mountains laden with the scent of pine. The streets are reasonably clean, for few people live here in winter; but they are being made cleaner day by day, until the last day of April, when they are all flooded and washed clean. The iron fences and railings are actually scrubbed by an army of women with buckets of water and rags. Women are digging in the ditches, sawing wood, or drawing wagons on the streets.

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On the first day of May there is a grand opening. Last year it was of especial importance, as it opened to the public the new bathhouse Kaiserbad, which cost this enterprising municipal district $450,000, and is the finest bathhouse in the whole wide world, I am told. This marvelous celebration, which began with a military parade on the first day of the month, ended on the fifth with a banquet in the city park café, at which presided Monsieur Ludwig Schäffer, der Bürgermeister.

On the morning of the tenth of May, when we went down to the Brunn to drink, a thousand people were standing in line.

It is a great show; men and women from everywhere. Even nervous people come here for the baths; and get well, or think they do, which is the same thing. There are German dandies who walk like pacing greyhounds; fat young Germans who seem to be walking on eggs; and old, gouty Germans, who do not walk at all, but shuffle.

There are big, bony Britons in knicker-bockers, and elderly Englishmen whose love of plaids is largely responsible for the daily rains that come to this otherwise delightful region. There are modest Americans with their pretty wives and daughters; and other Americans, who talk loud in the lobbies and cafés; Tyrolese, in green hats trimmed in feathers; and Polish Jews, with little cork-screw curls hanging down by their ears, such as we see in Jerusalem. Then there are a few stray French. There are Austrian soldiers in long coats, and officers in pale-blue uniforms, spurred and cluched like the corset-wearers of France.

In a solid mass the crowd of cupbearers move up and down in the great colonnade, keeping time with their feet, or hands, or heads, to the strains of the band, which begins to play at 6.45 in the morning.

By nine o'clock the springs are deserted, and the multitude has distributed itself among the many restaurants and cafés in the cañon. An hour later, having breakfasted lightly on toast and coffee—on such toast and such coffee as can be had only in Carlsbad—the great army of healthy-looking invalids lose themselves in the hills.

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Here comes an old, old woman, bearing a load that would bend the back of a Turkish hamal, followed by a landau, wherein loll the fairest dames of Saxony; then a sausage-man, whose garlic-flavored viands freight the whole gulch with their fumes; and just behind him a wagon laden with flowers and shrubs for the new gardens of the Grand Hotel Pupp, and their opening leaves fling such a fragrance out upon the still air that it follows and trails far behind, as the smoke of a locomotive follows a freight train. Women with baskets on their backs, filled with empty milk cans, are climbing the trails that lead back to their respective ranches, which they must have left, their cans laden, at early dawn.

The men are most polite to each other, and always take off their hats as they meet and pass. The employees in the hotels do this, from the manager down. Indeed, all these people are almost tiresome with their politeness. A table-girl who serves you at a wayside café, to-day, will rush out to the middle of the street, to-morrow, and say good-morning, and ask you how you feel. She is honestly endeavoring to make it pleasant for you. If you speak English she argues that you may be a lord, or, what to her and for her is better still, an American—grand, rich, and awful; and she is proud to show the proprietor or manager that she knows you.

But we should not complain, for nowhere are visitors treated so respectfully and decently as at Carlsbad. I remember that the Bürgermeister left his place at the head of the table at the banquet, crossed the room, introduced himself, touched glasses, bade him welcome to the city, and caused a little municipal check-book to be placed at the visitor's elbow, so that for that day and date he could order what he craved and it was all "on" the town. Last year, when the five hundred rooms of the largest hotel in the place were occupied, four hundred of the guests were Americans or English. So you see they can afford to like us, and they do.

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One can live here as one chooses—for one dollar or ten a day; but two people can live comfortably for five dollars a day. The hotels are good, and the service almost perfect so far as it relates to the hotel; but the service in the dining-rooms, cafés, and restaurants is bad, many of these are so poorly arranged. It is a common thing to see a waiter freighting your breakfast or dinner—which is at midday here—a half block in a pouring rain. The great trouble is to get things hot; it is next to impossible. What Carlsbad needs is a sanitarium, where people can have delicate dishes prepared and served hot. The stoves are too far from the tables in most places.

Americans will find many funny little things, even in the best hotels. You can go up in the elevator, but you cannot come down. You can have writing paper free in the writing-room, but not in your apartments. You can get hot milk or warm milk—but they will put butter in it. You can have boiled potatoes, but only with caraway seeds and a fine flavor of alfalfa in them; or poached eggs, but you must have them poached in bouillon.

After a while you will get used to all this, and give up trying to say "sehr heiss," and go way. Forty thousand people do this every year. This establishment alone feeds two thousand people a day; and most of them, I fancy, go away feeling very kindly toward the place and the people. The Germans predominate in the month of May, the Austrians in June, and in July the French come. This is a safe sandwich, with Austria in the middle; it keeps France and Germany from touching. The English and Americans they have all the season.

The sad-faced consumptives who swarm round the health resorts of Western America are not seen here; on the whole, the people who come here look healthy. The dreadful army of miserables who haunt the grotto at Lourdes are also not to be seen here. True, the priests go at the head of the procession on the first of May from spring to spring, blessing the water and thanking God for the goodness of these wondrous founts.

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Some things appear a little inconsistent, and trying on the waters; and yet I know not that the visitors go away disappointed. For example, you will see a very happy married woman, fat and forty or forty-five, and a long, lank, lingering maiden, the two quaffing at the same well, and the one hoping to gain what the other longs to lose.

When you have taken rooms at a hotel, one of the employees will bring you a long printed form, which, if you will fill it out, will give the sheriff the length of your intended stay, your nationality and business. This form goes to the office of the Bürgermeister, and from it you are "sized up" and assessed in whatever class you appear to belong. Third-class visitors pay between one and two dollars the season; second, between two and three dollars; and first class, from three to four. Only Americans are always rated first class. They do not insist upon your staying there. By filing a personal protest you can be placed in your proper class.

And what becomes of this tax?

First, you have the use of the water for three weeks or six months, and have also the pleasure of hearing good music while you take your medicine every morning. Part of this money goes to make and keep up the miles and miles of beautiful walks, to plant rare shrubs in the very forest, and to put boxes in the trees for the birds to build in, whose music cheers thousands of strollers.

"Are all the people cured who come here?" I asked Dr. Grünberger, who was medical inspector in the district for years.

"Not all," he said. "But all who take the cure"—for the doctor who examines the patient will not allow him to take the water unless he has a disease curable by the Carlsbad treatment.

There are many doctors in Carlsbad, and they are largely responsible for the splendid reputation of the place. They are honest enough to tell the patient to go away if they believe his disease is at all incurable by the use of the waters.—McClure's Magazine.

How England is Taxed

BURDENS THE NATION BEARS

A MAN never knows how much a thing is intrinsically worth, because the amount of money it costs him only represents the value he puts upon it, says Pearson's Weekly. You are paying taxes every day, and you don't know it. There are not many articles in England that are taxed, but, though they are few, the average man doesn't know that they are taxed.

The English income tax is about the only tax of which there is common knowledge. If your income is less than $800 a year, it is called wages and escapes taxation. But if it is $800 or more a year, you have to pay 16 cents in every $5 as your contribution to the expenses of the Government; necessaries are not taxed at all, or only very lightly; but luxuries are taxed to make up the balance. The State considers that a wage of $15.37 a week is a necessity; therefore you pay no tax. But if your income exceeds that—$800 a year—you pay 16 cents for every $5 above that living wage.

The State will not allow you to carry on certain businesses unless you pay for the privilege. A banker requires an annual license, for which he pays $150; lawyers practicing within ten miles of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin have to pay $45 a year, while provincial lawyers pay only $30. For the first three years of their business only half those amounts are demanded from lawyers.

Auctioneers require a $50 license, and pawnbrokers one which costs $37.50. A house-agent letting houses pays $10 for a license, a hawker the same amount, and a peddler only $1.00. Wholesale dealers in beer pay $16.22, brewers $5.00, and publicans' licenses vary, according to the value of their houses. A public-house, not exceeding $750 a year, requires a $30 license, and one over $3500 is taxed at $300. The keeper of a restaurant or refreshment house requires a license for which $2.50 or $5.20 is charged, according to value of his business.

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If you make sweets and coffee for sale, your annual license will take $25 out of your profits; if you sell sweetmeats, you must have a license—$6 a year—or the police will be on your track. If you manufacture less than 20,000 pounds of tobacco, the license will cost $26, but if it rises to 100,000 pounds, $157 will be the charge; to sell tobacco retail, a license costs only one dollar a year. To make vinegar, an annual license must be obtained, for which $5 is charged.

The luxury of keeping a dog costs $1.50 a year. If you have a crest on your stationery, $5.25 a year in the cost, and twice that amount if your arms are painted on your carriage. For every male servant you must pay the State $3.50. When you sign a check you forget that you enrich the revenue by the two-cent embossed stamp.

A gamekeeper costs you $10 a year, and a license for shooting game $15. If you carry a gun or pistol—unless you are a soldier, volunteer, or licensed game-shooter—you will have to pay $2.50 a year. When you go abroad your passport will cost you twelve cents. If you travel first or second-class on the railway the State levies a duty of three and a half per cent. on the fares, and, of course, you are charged proportionately.

These are revenue charges. But on many articles in daily use you are taxed also. There is a duty of $2.62 on every gallon of whisky: thus, for a gallon costing $3.87, you only pay $1.25 for the whisky and $2.62 for the tax. When you drink whisky, two out of your three pennies goes to the State, and the whisky itself only costs a penny.

The duty on beer is five cents a gallon, or about one-half cent a pint. If it were not for the duty of eight cents a pound on tea, you could get fifty cents' worth of tea for fifty cents. The duty on tobacco is one dollar a pound, and on cigars $1.25. If the fragrant weed were duty free, three cents would buy the ounce of tobacco for which you now pay nine cents—that is to say, you only pay one-third of the price for the tobacco and two-thirds to the State. Five cigars weigh an ounce, so that a five-cent cigar could be bought for one cent if there were no duty.

If you are fond of perfumes, and use much eau-de-Cologne or other scents, you contribute largely to the revenue. When you buy a pint bottle of scent costing seventy-five cents, fifty-four cents of that goes in duty, and the scent itself only costs twenty-one cents.

Your patent medicines cost three cents more in every twenty-five cents on account of the Inland revenue stamp the bottle or box must bear. A pack of playing-cards would only cost you fifteen cents were there not a duty of seven cents to pay on every pack made or imported.

Thus the reader will see how the Englishman is taxed, and taxed so lightly that he is not aware of the burden. The articles taxed are decreasing in number every year. In 1840 there were 1,046 articles taxed; in 1859, 397; in 1875, 53; and to-day there are only eighteen general classes. In 1841 a laborer paid $10.80 a year—three and one-half weeks' wages—in taxes on sugar, tea, tobacco, soap and pepper. Now he only pays $3.10 a year on the same articles.

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